

~~revised by R. Southwell~~ *revised by R. Southwell*

S. PETERS  
COMPLAINT:  
AND

SAINT MARY  
MAGDALENS  
FUNERALL TEARES.

With fundry other selected, and deuout  
POEMES.

By the R. Father Robert Southwell, Priest  
of the Society of I E S V S.



Is any among you sad? Let him pray. Is he of a cheersfull  
hart? Let him sing. Iac. 5.

Permissu Superiorum; M. DC. XX.





TO MY WORTHY  
GOOD COSIN

Maister W. S.

WORTHY COSEN,

**W** **P**OETS, by abusing their talent, and making the follyes, and saygnings of lone the customary subiect of their base endeauours, haue so discredited this faculty, that a Poet, a Louer, and a Lyar, are by many reckoned but three words of one signification. But the vanity of men cannot counterpoysse the authority of God, who deliuering many parts of Scripture in verse, and by his Apostle willing vs to exercise our deuotion in Hymnes & spirituall Sonnets, warranteth the Art to be good, and the vse allowable. And therefore, not only among the Heathen, whose Gods were chiefly canonized by their Poets, and their Paynim Diuinity oracled in verse: but euen in the Old and new Testament, it hath been vsed by men of greatest piety in matters of most deuotion. Christ himselfe by making a Hymne, the conclusion of his last Supper, and the Prologue to the first Pageant of his Passion, gaue his Sponse a method to imitate, as in the Office of the Church it appeareth; and to all men a patterne to know

# THE EPISTLE.

the true vse of this measured, and sooted stile.

But the Diuell, as he affecteth Deity, and seeketh to haue all the complements of Diuine honour applyed to his seruice: so hath he among the rest, possessed almost al Poets with his idlefancies. For in lieu of solemne and deuout matter, to which in duty they owe their abilityes, they now busy themselves in expressing such passions, as only serue for testimonyes to how vnworthy affections they haue wedded their wills. And because the best course to let them see the error of their workes, is to weaue a new web in their owne loome; I haue heere layd a few course threds together, to inuite some skillfuller wit to go forward in the same, or to begin some finer peece: wherein it may be seene how well verse and vertue suite togeather. Blame me not (good Cosin) though I send you a blame-worthy present, in which the most that can commend it, is the good will of the Vvriter: neither Art nor inuention giuing it any credit. If in me this be a fault, you cannot be faultlesse that did importune me to commit it: and therefore you must beare part of the penance, when it shall please sharp censurers to impose it. In the meane tyme, with many good wishes I send you these few Dutyes. Adde you the tunes, and let the Meane, I pray you, be still a part in all your Musicke.

Your louing Cosin,

R. S.

THE



# THE AVTHOR

*to the Reader.*

**D**EARE eye that dost peruse my Muses stile,  
With easy censure deeme of my delight:  
Give sobrest countenance leave som tyme to smile  
And grauest wits to take a breathing flight;  
Of mirth to make a trade, may be a crime.  
But tyred spirits for mirth must haue a tyme.

The lofty Eagle soares not still aboue,  
high flights wil force her frō the wing to stoupe;  
And studious thoghts at tymes mē must remoue,  
Least by excelle before their tyme they droupe.  
In courser studyes, t'is a sweet repose,  
With Poets pleasing veine to temper prose.

Prophane conceits and faygning fits I fly,  
Such lawlesse stuffe doth lawlesse speeches fit:  
With *Dauid* Verse to Vertue I apply,  
Whos measurbest with measur'd words doth fit:  
It is the sweetest note that man can sing,  
When grace in vertues key tunes natures string.

## THE AVTHOR TO THE READER.

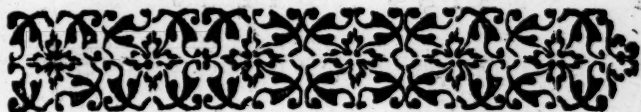
**D**EARE Eye that daynest to let fall a looke,  
On these sad memoryes of Peters plaints:  
Muse not to see some mud in clearest brooke,  
They once were brittle mould that now are Saints.  
Their weaknes is no warrant to offend,  
Learne by their faults, what in thyne owne to mend.

If Equities euen hand the ballance held,  
VVhere Peters sinnes, and our were made the weight:  
Ounce for his dramme, pound for his ounce we yield,  
His ship would groane to feele some sinners freight.  
So ripe is vice, so greene is vertues budd:  
The world doth waxe in ill, but wane in good.

This makes my mourning Mase resolute in teares,  
This theames my heauypenne to plaine in prose,  
Christs thorne is sharp; no beed his Garland weares:  
Still finest wits, are stilling Venus Rose.  
In Paynim toyes the sweetest veines are spent,  
To Christian workes, few haue their talents lent.

Licence my single penne to seeke a poere,  
You heauenly sparkes of wit, shew native light:  
Cloude not with misty loue your Orient cleare,  
Swift flights you shoote, learne once to leuell right.  
Fauour my wish, well-wishing workes no ill,  
I moue the Suite, the Graunt rests in your will.

SAINT



## SAINT PETERS COMPLAINT.

1.

**L**aunch forth my soule into a maine of tears;  
Ful fraght with grief, the trafik of thy mind  
Torn sayles wil serue, thoughts rent with guilty  
giue care the stern, vse sighs in lieu of wind (fears  
Remorse thy Pilot; thy misdeed thy Card;  
Torment thy haue, shipwrack thy best reward,

2.

Shun not the shelve of most deserued shame:  
Sticke in the sands of agonizing dread:  
Content thee to be storms and billowes game:  
Diourc't from grace thy soule to pennace wed:  
Fly not from forreine euils, fly from thy hart:  
Worse then the worst of euills, is that thou art.

3.

Giue vent vnto the vapours of thy breast,  
That thicken in the brimmes of cloudy eyes:  
Where sinne was hatch't, let tears now wash the  
Wher life was lost, recouer life with cryes. (nest  
Thy trespasse soule, let not thy teares besew;  
Baptize thy spotted soule in weeping dew.

4.

Fly mournfull plaints, the Eccho's of my ruth;  
 Whose screeches in my frighted conscience ring:  
 Sob out my sorrowes, fruits of myne vnt ruth:  
 Report the smart of finnes infernall sting.  
 Tell harts that languish in the sorriest plight,  
 There is on earth a far more sorry wight.

5.

A sorry wight, the object of disgrace:  
 The monument of feare, the map of shame:  
 The mirror of mishap, the staine of place:  
 The scorne of tyme, the infamy of fame:  
 An excrement of earth, to heauen hatefull,  
 Iniurious to men, to God vngatefull.

6.

Ambitious heades, dreame you of fortune's pride,  
 Fill volumes with your forged Goddesses prayle:  
 You Fancies drudges, plung'd in follies tyde,  
 Deuote your fabling wits to louers layes:  
 Be you, o sharpest griefs that euer wrung/tung.  
 Text to my thoughts, Theame to my playning

7.

Sad subiect of my sinne had stor'd my mind,  
 With euerlasting matter of complaint:  
 My Threnes and endlesse Alphabet to find,  
 Beyond the pangs which Ieremy doth paint.  
 That eyes with errors may iust measure keep,  
 Most tears I wish that haue most cause to weep.

All

8.

All weeping eyes resigne your teares to me:  
 A sea will scantily rince my ordur'd soule;  
 Huge horrors in high tides must drowned be,  
 Of euery teare my crime exacteth tole.  
 These stains are deep, few drops take out no such:  
 Euen salue with sore, and most is not too much.

9.

I fear'd with life, to die, by death to liue:  
 I left my guide, now left, and leauing God.  
 To breath in blisse, I fear'd my breath to giue:  
 I fear'd for heauenly raigne, an earthly rod.  
 These feares I fear'd, feares feeling no mishaps:  
 O fond, O faint, O false, O faulty lapsel

10.

How can I liue, that thus my life deni'd?  
 What can I hope, that lost my hope in feare?  
 What trust to one, that truth it selfe defi'd?  
 What good in him, that did his God forswear?  
 O sinne, of finnes, of euils, the very worst!  
 O matchlesse wretch! o catiffe most accurst!

11.

Vaine in my vaunts, I vow'd if friends had faild,  
 Alone Christs hardest fortunes to abide:  
 Giant in talke, like dwarfe in triall quaild:  
 Excelling none, but in vntruth and pryde.  
 Such distance is betweene high words & deeds:  
 In prooffe the greatest vaunter seldome speeds.

A 5

Ah



12.

Ah rashnes, hasty rise, to murdering leape,  
 Lauish in vowing, blind in seeing what :  
 Soon sowing shames, that lōg remorse must reap:  
 Nurling with teares, that ouer-sight begat;  
 Scout of repentance, harbinger of blame,  
 Treasont<sup>e</sup> wisdome, mother of ill name.

13.

The borne-blind beggar, for receiued sight,  
 Fast in his sayth and loue, to Christ remain'd,  
 He stooped to no feare, he feard' no might,  
 No chāg his choicc, no threat his truth distaind.  
 One wonder wrought him in his duty sure:  
 I, after thousands, did my Lord abiure.

14.

Could seruile feare of rendring natures due,  
 Which growth in years was shortly like to clai-  
 So thrall my loue, that I should thus elchue (me,  
 A vowed death, and misse so faire an ayme?  
 Dic, die disloall wretch, thy life detest:  
 For sauing thine, thou hast forsworne the best.

15.

Ah life, sweet drop, drownd in a sea of sowers,  
 A flying good, posting to doubtfull end.  
 Stil looking mōths & years to gain new houres:  
 Faine, time to haue, and spare, yet forst to spend:  
 Thy growth, decrease, a moment all thou hast:  
 That gone, ere knowne: the rest, to come, or past.

Ah



# COMPLAINT.

5

16.

Ab life, the maze of countlesse straying wayes,  
Open to erring steps, and strow'd with baits,  
To wind weake senses into endlesse strays,  
A loose from vertues rough vnbeaten straites;  
A flower, a play, a blast, a shade, a dreame,  
Aliuing death, a neuer turning streame.

17.

And could I rate so high a life so base?  
Did feare with loue cast so vncuen account,  
That for this goale I should run *Iudas* race,  
And *Caiphas* rage in cruelty surmount?  
Yet they esteemed thirty pence his price.  
I, worse the both, for naught deny'd him thrice.

18.

The mother sea from ouer-flowing deeps,  
Sends forth her issue by deuided veines:  
Yet back her of-spring to their mother creeps,  
To pay their purest streams with added gaines;  
But I, that drunke the drops of heavenly flud.  
Bemyr'd the giuer, with returning mud.

19.

Is this the haruest of his sowing toyle?  
Did *Christ* manure thy hart to breed him briers?  
Or doth it need this vnaccustom'd soyle.  
With hellish dung to fertile heauens desires?  
No, no, the Marle that periuries doth vield,  
May spoyle a good, not fat a barraine field.

Was

20.

Was this for best deserts the duest meed?  
 Are hiest worths well wag'd with spirefull hire?  
 Are stoutest vowes repeal'd in greatest need?  
 Should friendship at the first affront retire?  
 Blush crauen Sor, lurke in eternall night:  
 Crouch in the darkeſt caues from loathed light.

21.

Ah wretch, why was I nam'd *Sonne of a Doue*,  
 Whose speeches voyded spight, & breathed gall?  
 No kin I am vnto the *Birde of Ioue*.  
 My *Stony* Name much better lutes my fall,  
 My oathes were stones, my cruel tong the sling:  
 My God the mark, at which my spight did fling.

22.

Were all the Iewish Tyrannies too few;  
 To glut thy hungry lookes with his disgrace:  
 That thou more hatefull tyrannies must shew:  
 And spit thy poyson in thy Makers face?  
 Didst thou to spare his foes put vp thy sword:  
 To brandish now thy tongue against thy Lord?

23.

Ah tonge, that didst his prayse & godhead sound:  
 How wert thou staine with such detesting wor-  
 That euery word was to his hart a wound, (des:  
 And launſt him deeper then a thousand swords?  
 What rage of man, yea what infernal sprite,  
 Cold haue disgorg'd more lothſō dregs of spite?  
 Why

# COMPLAINT.

24.

Why did the yielding sea, like marble way,  
Support a wretch more wauering thē the waues?  
Whō doubt did plunge, why did the water stay?  
Vnkind in kindnes, murdering, while it saues.  
O that this tongue had then been fishes food:  
And deuour'd before this cursing mood.

25.

Their surges, depths, and seas vnfirm by kind,  
Rough gusts, & distance both frō ship & shoare,  
Were titles to excuse my staggering mind,  
Stout feet might fault on that liquide floare.  
But heere, no seas, no blasts, no billowes were,  
A puffe of womans wind bred all my feare.

26.

O coward troups, far better arm'd then hatted,  
Whō agry words, whō blows cold not prouoke,  
Whō thogh I taught how sore my weapō smar-  
Yet none repaid me with a wounding stroke. (red  
O no: that stroke, could but one moiety kill,  
I was reseru'd, both halves at once to spill.

27.

h, whither was forgotten Loue exild?  
Where did the truth of pledged promise sleep?  
What in my thoughts begat this vgly child  
That cold throgh rented soule thus fiercely creep?  
O viper, feare their death by whom thou lineest,  
All good thy ruines wreke, all euils thou gittest.

Threats

28.

Threats threw me not, torments I none affraid;  
 My fray with shades, cōccits did make me yield;  
 Wounding my thoughts with feare; selfely dis-  
 I neither taught nor lost, I gaue the field: (mayd  
 Infamous soyle, a Maidens easie breath,  
 Did blow me downe, & blast my soule to death.

29.

Titles I make vntruthes, am I a Røcke?  
 That with so soft a gale was ouerthrowne?  
 Am I fit Pastor for the faithfull flocke,  
 To guide their soules, that murdered thus mine  
 A rocke of ruine, not a rest to stay, (owne?  
 A Pastor, not to feed, but to betray.

30.

Fidelity was flowne, when feare was hatched,  
 Incompatible brood in vertues nest:  
 Courage can lesse with cowardize be matched,  
 Prowesse nor lone lodg'd in deuided brest:  
 O *Adams* child, cast by a silly *Eue*,  
 Heire to thy Fathers soyles, and borne to grieue,

31.

In *Thabors* ioyes I eager was to dwell,  
 A earnest friend while pleasurs light did shine  
 But when eclipsed glory prostrate fell,  
 These zealous heates to sleep I did resign;  
 And now, my mouth hath thrice his name defild  
 That cry'd so loud, three dwellings ther to build.  
 When

32.

When Christ attending the distressedfull howre,  
 With his surcharged brest did blesse the ground,  
 Prostrate in pangs, rayning a bleeding shower,  
 Me, like my selfe, a drowsy friend he found;  
 Thrice in his care, sleep closd my carelesse eye,  
 Presage, how him my tongue shold thrice deny.

33.

Parting from Christ, my tainting force declin'd,  
 With lingring foot, I followed him a losse,  
 Base feare out of my hart his loue vnshrin'd,  
 Hugh in high wordes, but inpotent in prooffe;  
 My vaunts did seeme hatcht vnder *Suspens* locks,  
 Yet womans words did giue me murdring kno-

34.

(ckes.

So fare luke-warme desires in crazy loue,  
 Far off in need with feeble foot they traine;  
 In tyds they swim, low ebs they scorne to proue  
 They seek their friends delights, but shun their  
 Hire of a hircling mind is earned shame: (paine.  
 Take now thy due, beare thy begotten blame.

35.

Ah, coole remissiones, vertues quartan feuer,  
 Pynning of loue, consumption eke of grace;  
 Old in the cradle, languor dying euer,  
 Soules wilfull samaine, finnes soft stealing pace,  
 The vndermining cuil of zealous thought,  
 Seeming to bring no harme, till all be brought.

O per.

36.

O Portresse of the doore of my disgrace;  
Whos tongue vnlockt the truth of vowed mind,  
Whos words frō cowards hart did courage chase  
And let in death-full feares my soule to blind;  
O hadst thou beene the portresse to my tombe:  
When thou wert portresse to that curled roome.

37.

Yet loth was loath to part, feare loath to die.  
Stay, daunger, life did counterplead their causes:  
I fauouring stay, and life bad daunger fly:  
But daunger did except against these clauses.  
Yet stay, and line I would, and daunger thunne:  
And lost my selfe, while I my verdict wonne.

38.

I stayd, yet did my staying furthest part:  
I liu'd, but so, that saving life, I lost it:  
Daunger I shun'd, but to my sore smart:  
I gayned nought, but deeper damage crost it.  
What daunger, distance, death is worse the this,  
That runs frō God & spoiles his soule of blisse?

39.

O Ioh, my guide thro' this earthly Hell,  
Too well acquainted in so ill a Court,  
Where rayling months with blasphemies did  
With raynted breath infecting all resort. (swell,  
Why didst thou lead me to this hell of euils?  
To shew my selfe a fiend amongst the diuels?

Euill

40.

Euill president, the tyde that wafts to vice,  
 Dumme Oratour, that wocs with silent deeds,  
 Writing in workes lessons of ill aduise,  
 The doing tale that eye in practise reedes.  
 Taster of ioyes, to vnacquainted hunger:  
 With leauen of the old, seasoning the yonger:

41.

It seemes no fault to do that all haue done:  
 The number of offenders hides the sinne: (run,  
 Coach drawne with many horse, doth easily  
 Soone followeth one where multitudes begin.  
 O, had I in that Court much stronger byn,  
 Or not so strong, as first to enter in.

42.

Sharp was the weather in that stormy place,  
 Best suting harts benum'd with hellish frost,  
 Whose cruell malice could admit no grace,  
 Where coales were kindled to the warmers cost.  
 Where feare, my thoughts canded with yfie cold,  
 Heate, did my tongue to periuries vnfold.

43.

O hatefull fire (ah that I euer saw it)  
 Too hard my hart was frozen for thy force,  
 Far hoater flames it did require to thaw it,  
 Thy hell resembling heat did freeze it worse,  
 O that I rather had congeal'd to yce, (price:  
 Then bought thy warm'th at such a damning

B

O



44.

O wakefull bird, preclaymer of the day :  
 Whose piercing note doth daunt the lyons rage,  
 Thy crowing did my selfe to me bewray.  
 My frights and brutish beates it did asswage.  
 But oh in this alone, vnhappy Cocke : ( clock:  
 That thou to count my foyles, wert made the

45.

O bird, the iust rebuker of my cryme,  
 The faithfull waker of my sleeping teares:  
 Be now the dayly clocke to strike the tyme,  
 When stinted eyes shall pay their taske of teares.  
 Vpbrayd myne cares with thyn accusing crow:  
 To make me rue that first it made me know.

46.

O milde reuenger of aspiring pride,  
 Thou castt dismount high thoughts to low effects  
 Thou mad'st a Cocke me for my fault to chide,  
 My lofty boasts this lowly birds corrects.  
 Well might a Cocke correct me with a crow,  
 Whome Hennish cackling first did ouerthrow.

47.

Weake weapons did *Golias* fumes abate, (vaine,  
 Whose storming rage did thunder threats in  
 His body huge, harness with massy plate,  
 Yet *Dauids* stone brought death into his braine.  
 With staffe and sling as to a dog he came:  
 And with contempt did boasting Fury tame.

Yet



48.

Yet *David* had with *Beare* and *Lyon* fought,  
 His skillfull might excus'd *Goliath* spoyle: bgt,  
 The death is eas'd that worthy hand hath wrou-  
 Some honour liues in honourable spoyle;  
 But I on whome all infamies must light,  
 Was hift to death with words of womas spight.

49.

Small gnats inforst th'Egyptian King to stoup,  
 yet they in swarms & arm'd with percing stings  
 Smart, noyse, anoyāce made his courage droup.  
 No small incōbrance such small vermin brings,  
 I quaild at words, that neither bit nor stung,  
 And those deliuered from a womans tung.

50.

Ah feare, abortiue impe of drouping mind:  
 Selfe ouerthrow, false friend, roote of remorse:  
 Sighted, in seeing euils, in shunning blind:  
 Foyld without field, by fancy not by forcy;  
 Ague of Valour, Phrensy of the wise;  
 True honours stain, loues frost, the mint of lies.

51.

Can vertue, wisdom, strength by womā spild,  
 In *Dauids*, *Salomons*, and *Sampsons* falls,  
 With semblance of excuse my error guild,  
 Or lend a marble glosse to muddy walls?  
 O no, their fault had shew of some pretence,  
 No veyle can hide the shame of my offence.

52.

The blaze of beautyes beams allur'd their looks  
 Their lookes by seeing oft, conceaued loue:  
 Loue, by affecting, swallowed pleasures hooks,  
 Thus beauty, loue, & pleasure them did moue.  
 These Syrens sugred tunes rockt them a sleep:  
 Inough to damne, yet not to damne so deep.

53.

But gracious features dazled not myne eyes,  
 Two homely droyls were authors of my death:  
 Not loue, but feare, my senses did surprize,  
 Not feare of force, but feare of womans breath.  
 And those vnarm'd, ill grac'd, despis'd, vknown  
 So base a blast my truth hath ouerthrowne.

54.

O women, woe to men, traps for their falls,  
 Still actors in all tragicall mischances:  
 Earths necessary euills, captiuing thralls,  
 now murdring with your tōgs, now with your  
 Parents of life & loue, spoylers of both; (glances  
 The theeuers of harts; false do you loue or loth.

55.

In tyme o Lord, thyn eyes with myne did meet  
 In them I read the ruines of my fall:  
 Their chering rayes that made misfortun sweet  
 Into my guilty thoughts powr'd floods of gall,  
 Their heavenly looks that blest where they be-  
 darts of disdain, & angry cheeks did yield. (held  
 O sacred

56.

O sacred eyes, the spring of liuing light,  
 The earthly heauē, where Angels ioy to dwell:  
 how cold you deign to vew my deathful plight  
 Or let your heauenly beames looke on my hell?  
 But those vnspotted eyes encountred myne,  
 As spotlesse Sunne doth on the dunghill shine.

57.

Sweet volums stord with learning fit for Saints  
 Where blisfull quires imparadize their minds,  
 Wherein eternall study neuer faints,  
 Still finding all, yet seeking all it finds;  
 How endlesse is your labyrinth of blisse,  
 Where to be lost the sweetest finding is?

58.

Ah wretch, how oft haue I sweet lessons read,  
 In those deare eyes the registers of truth?  
 How oft haue I my hungry wishes fed,  
 And in their happy ioyes redrest my ruth?  
 Ah that they now are Heralds of disdain,  
 That erst were euer pittiers of my payne.

59.

You flames diuine that sparkle out your heats,  
 And kindle pleasing fires in mortall harts,  
 You Nectar'd Aumbryes of soule-feeding meats,  
 You gracefull quiuers of loues deereft darts:  
 You did vouchsafe to warm, to wound, to feast,  
 My cold, my stony, my now famish't breast.

B 3

The

60.

The matchles eyes, match't only each by other,  
 Were pleas'd on my ill matched eyes to glaunce:  
 The eye of liquid pearle, the purest mother,  
 Broch't tears in mine to weep for my mischāce.  
 The cabinets of grace vnlockt their treasure,  
 And did to my misdeed their mercies measure.

61.

These blazing Comets, lightning flames of loue  
 Made me their warming influence to know;  
 My frozen hart their sacred force did proue,  
 Which at their look did yeld like melting snow  
 They did not ioyes in former plenty carue,  
 Yet sweet are crūs wher pined thoughts do starue

62.

O liuing mirrours, seeing whome you shew,  
 Which equal shadows, worths with shadowed  
 yea mak things nobler thē in natiue hew (thing  
 By being shap'd in those life-giuing springs;  
 Much more my image in thole eyes was grac't  
 Then in my selfe, whom sin and shame defac't.

63.

All-seeing eyes, more worth then all you see,  
 Of which one is the others only price:  
 I worthlesse am, direct your beames on me,  
 VVith quickning vertue cure my killing vice.  
 By seeing things, you make thinges worth the  
 You seeing salue, & being seen delight. (sight,  
 O Pooles

64.

O Pooles of *Hesben*, the Bathes of Grace,  
 Where happy spirits diue in sweet desires:  
 Where Saints reioyce to glasse their glorious face,  
 Whose banks make Ecche to the Angels quires.  
 An Ecche sweeter in the sole rebound,  
 Then Angells musicke in the fullest sound.

65.

O eyes, whose glances are a silent speech.  
 In cipherd word high mysteryes disclosing:  
 Which with a looke all Sciences can teach,  
 Whose texts to faythful harts need little glosing:  
 Witnesse vnworthy I, who in a looke,  
 Learn'd more by rote, then al the Scribs by book,

66.

Though malice stil posselt their hardned minds,  
 I though too hard, learn'd softnes in thyn eye,  
 Which yron knots of stubborne will vnbinds,  
 Offring them loue that loue with loue will buy.  
 This did I learne, yet they could not discern it,  
 But woe, that I had now such need to learne it.

67.

O Sunnes, all but your selues in light excellling,  
 Whos presēce day, whose absēce causeth night,  
 Whos neighbour course, brings Sōmer, cold ex-  
 Whos distāt periods freez away delight: (pelling  
 Ah, that I lost your bright & fostring beames,  
 To plunge my soule in these congealed streams.

B 4

O gra-

68.

O gracious spheres where loue the Center is,  
 A native place for our selfe-loaden soules:  
 The compasse, loue, a cope that none can mis,  
 The motion, loue that round about vs rowles:  
 O spheres of loue, whose center, cope, & motiō,  
 Is loue of vs, loue that inuites deuotion.

69.

O little worlds, the summes of all the best,  
 Where glory, heauen, God, sun, al vertues, stars,  
 Where fire a loue that next to heauen doth rest,  
 Ayr, light of life, that no distemper mars; (showers  
 the water, grace, whos seas, whos springs, whos  
 Cloth natures earth with euerlasting flowers.

70.

What mixtures these sweet elements do yield,  
 Let happy worldlings of these worlds expound:  
 But simples are by compounds farre exceld.  
 Both sate a place, where all best things abound.  
 And if a banish't wretch ghesse not amisse:  
 All but one compound frame a perfect blisse.

71.

I out-cast from these worlds exiled roome,  
 Poore saint, frō heauen, frō fire cold Salamander:  
 Lost fish, from those sweet waters kindly home,  
 From land of life, strai'd pilgrim still I wander.  
 I know the cause: these worlds had neuer a hel,  
 In which my faults haue best deseru'd to dwell,

O Bc.

72.

O *Bethlems* cisterns, *Dauids* most desire,  
 From which my sins like fierce *Philistins* keep,  
 To fetch your drops what champions should I  
 That I therin my withered hād may steep. (hirc,  
 I would not shed them like that holy King,  
 His were but types, these are the figured thing.

73.

O *Turtletwins* all bath'd in virgins milke,  
 Vpon the margin of full flowing banks:  
 Whose graceful plume surmounts the finest silk,  
 Whose sight enamoreth heauē's most happy rāks,  
 Could I forswear this heauēly payre of *Doues*,  
 That cag'd in care for me were groning loues.

74.

Twice *Moyse*s wād did strike the stubborne Rock  
 Ere stony veyns wold yeld their christal bloud:  
 Thy eyes, one looke seru'd as an only knock,  
 To make my hart gush out a weeping fload.  
 Wherein my sinnes as fishes spawne their frie,  
 To shew their inward shames, and then to die.

75.

But o, how long demurre I on his eyes,  
 Whose looke did pierce my hart with healing  
 Laūcing impostum'd sore of periard lyes, (woud  
 Which these two issues of mine eyes hath found,  
 Where runne it must, till death the issues stop.  
 And penall life hath purg'd the finall drop.

B 5

Like

76.

Like soleſt Swan that ſwims in ſilent deep,  
 And neuer ſings but obſequies of death,  
 Sigh out thy plaints, and tole in ſecret weep,  
 In ſuing pardon, ſpend thy perjur'd breath.  
 Attire thy ſoule in ſorrows mourning weed,  
 And at thyn eyes let guilty conſcience bleed.

77.

Still in the Limbecke of thy dolefull breaſt,  
 Theſe bitter fruits that from thy ſins do grow,  
 For fuel, ſelfe accuſing thoughts be beſt,  
 Vſe feare as fire, the coales let penance blow;  
 And ſeek none other quinteſſence but teares,  
 That eyes may ſhed what entred at thyn cares.

78.

Come ſorowing tears, the offspring of my grief,  
 Scant not your Parent of a needfull ayde;  
 In you I reſt, the hope of with't reliefe,  
 By you my ſinfull debts muſt be defraid.  
 Your power preuailes, your ſacrifice is gratefull:  
 By loue obtayning life to men moſt hatefull.

79.

Come good effect of ill deſeruing cauſe;  
 Ill gotten impes, yet vertuouſly brought forth:  
 Selfe-blaming probates, of infringed lawes,  
 Yet blamed faults redeeming with your worth.  
 The ſignes of ſhame in you eech eye may read,  
 Yet while you guilty prone, you pittie plead.

O beames



80.

O beames of mercy beate on sorrows clowd,  
 Power supling showers vpo my parched ground.  
 Bring forth the fruit to your due seruice vowed,  
 Let good desires with like deserts be crown'd.  
 Water young blooming vertues tender flower,  
 Sinne did all grace of riper growth deuoure.

81.

Weep Balme and Myrrh you sweet *Arabian* trees,  
 With purest gūmes perfume & pearle you ryne:  
 Shed on your hony drops you busie Bees.  
 I, barraine plant, must weep vnpleasant bryne.  
 Hornets I hyue, salt drops their labour plyes,  
 Suckt out of sin, and shed by shewing eyes,

82.

If *David* night by night did bath his bed,  
 Esteeming longest dayes too short to mone:  
 Inconsolable teares if *Anna* shed,  
 Who in her sonne her sollace had forgone:  
 Then I to dayes, & weeks, to months and yeares,  
 Do owe the houely rent of stintlesse teares.

83.

If loue, if losse, if fault, if spotted fame,  
 If daunger, death, if wrath, or wreck of weale,  
 Entitle eyes true heyres to earned blame,  
 That due remorse in such euent conceale,  
 The want of teares might well enrole my name,  
 As chiefest Saint in Calendar of shame.

Loue

84.

Loue, where I lou'd was due, and best deseru'd,  
 No loue cold ayme at more loue-worthy marke,  
 No loue more lou'd then mine of him I seru'd,  
 Large vse he gaue, a flame for euery sparke.  
 This loue I lost, this losse a life must rue,  
 Yea life is short, to pay the truth is due.

85.

I lost all that I had, and had the most,  
 The most that will can wish, or wit deuise:  
 I least perform'd, that did most vainly boast,  
 I staind my fame in most infamous wise. (moue,  
 What daunger then, death, wrath, or wreck can  
 More pregnant cause of teares then this I proue?

86.

If *Adam* sought a veyle to scarfe his sinne,  
 Taught by his fall to feare a scourging hand.  
 If men shal wish that hils should wrap them in.  
 When crimes in finall doome come to be scand,  
 What mou't, what caue, what center can cōceale  
 My mōstrous fact, which euen the birds reueale?

87.

Come shame, the liuery of offending mind,  
 The vgly shroud that ouer-shadoweth blame,  
 The mulct, at which foule faults are iustly find:  
 The dampe of sinne, the common sluse of fame,  
 By w<sup>ch</sup> impostum'd tungs their humors purge,  
 Light shame on me, I best deseru'd the scourge.

Caym's

# COMPLAINT.

23

88.

(blood,

*Cayn's* murdering hand imbru'd in Brothers  
More mercy thē my impious tongue may craue,  
He kild a riual with pretence of good,  
In hope Gods doubled loue alone to haue.  
But feare so spoild my vāquisht thoughts of loue,  
That periur'd oths my spightful hate did proue.

89.

Poore *Agar* from her Peere enforce't to fly,  
Wandring in *Barsabeian* wilds alone: (wold dye,  
Doubting her child through helplesse drought  
Layd it a loofe, and set her downe to moane.  
The heauens with prayers, her lap with reares  
A Mothers loue in losse is hardly stild. (the fild,

90.

But *Agar* now bequeath thy teares to me,  
Fears, not effects, did set a flore thyn eyes:  
But wretch I feele more then was feard of thee.  
Ah not my Sonne, my Soule it is that dyes:  
It dyes for drought yet hath a spring in sight,  
Worthy to dye, that would not liue and might,

91.

Faire *Absaloms* foule fault, compar'd with mine,  
Are brightest sands, to mud of *Sodome* Lakes;  
High aymes, yōg spirit, birth of royal line, (it aks  
Made him play false where Kingdoms were the  
He gaz'd on golden hopes, whose lustre wins,  
Sometime the grauest wits to grieuous fins.

(But

92.

But I whose crime cuts off the least excuse,  
 A Kingdome lost, but hop'd no mite to gaine,  
 My highest marke, was but the worthlesse vse,  
 Of some few lingring houres of longer paine;  
 Vngratefull child, his Parent he pursu'de,  
 I Gyants warre with God himselfe renu'de.

93.

Ioy infant Saints, whome in the tender flower.  
 A happy storme did free from feare of sinne,  
 Long is their life that die in blisfull hower,  
 Ioyfull such ends, as endlesse joyes begin.  
 Too long they liue, that liue till they be nought,  
 Life sau'd by sin, base purchase dearly bought.

94.

This lot was mine, your fate was not so fierce,  
 Whom spotlesse death in cradle rockt a sleep,  
 Sweet roses mixt w<sup>th</sup> lillies strowd your hearse,  
 Death Virgin-white in Martyrs-red did sleep.  
 Your downy heads both pearls & rubies crou'd,  
 My hayry locks did female feares confound.

95.

(spoyle,

You bleating Ewes that wayle this woluishe  
 of sucking lābs new bought with bitter throws  
 T'imbalm your babes your eyes distil their oyle,  
 Ech hart to tōbe her child wide rupture shows.  
 Rue not their death whom death did but reuiue,  
 Yield ruth to me, that liu'd to die aliue.

With

96.

With easie losse sharpe wreck did he eschew,  
 That Sindonlesse aside did naked slip,  
 Once naked grace no outward garment knew,  
 Rich are his robes whome sin did neuer strip.  
 I that in vaunts displaid prides fayrest flags,  
 Disrobd of grace, am wrapt in *Adams* rages.

97.

When traytor to the sonne, in mother eyes,  
 I shall present my humble sute for grace,  
 What blush can paint the shame that will arise,  
 Or write my inward feeling in my face?  
 Might she the sorrow with the sinner see,  
 Though I despisd, my griefe might pittied be.

98.

But ah, how can her cares, my speech endure,  
 Or sent my breath, still reking hellish steeme?  
 Can mother like what did the Sonne abiure,  
 Or hart deflowr'd a virgins loue redceme?  
 The Mother nothing loues that Sōne doth loth,  
 Ah lothsome wretch, detested of them both.

99.

O Sister Nymphes, the sweet renowned payre,  
 That blesse *Bethania's* bounds with your abroad:  
 Shall I infect that sanctified ayre,  
 Or stain those steps wher *Iesus* breath'd, & trod?  
 No let your prayers perfum that sweetned place:  
 Turne me with Tygers to the wildest chase.

Could

100.

Could I reuined *Lazarus* behold,  
 The third of that sweet Trinity of Saints;  
 Would not astonish't dread my senses hold?  
 Ah yes, my hart euen with his naming faints.  
 I seeme to see a messenger from hell,  
 That my prepared torments comes to tell.

101.

O *John*, O *James*, we made a triple cord.  
 Of three most louing and best loued friends:  
 My rotten twist was broken with a word,  
 Fit now to fuell fire amongst the fiends;  
 It is not euer true, though often spoken,  
 That triple twisted cord is hardly broken.

102.

The dispossessed Diuels that out I threw.  
 In I e s v s name, now impiously forsworn,  
 Triumph to see me caged in their mew,  
 Trampling my ruines with contempt & scorne;  
 My periuries were musick to their daunce,  
 And now they heap disdaines on my mischaunce.

103.

Our rocke (say they) is riuen, o welcome howre,  
 Our Eagles wings are clipt that soar'd so hy:  
 our thūdrīg cloud made noise but cast no showre  
 He prostrate lyes that would haue scal'd the sky;  
 In womans tongue our Runner found a rub,  
 Our Cedar now is shrunke into a shrub.

These

104.

Thes scornful words vpbraid my inwardthoght  
 Proofs of their damned prompters neighbour-  
 Such vgly gestic still wait vpō the nought. (voice  
 Fiends I warn to souls that swarue from vertues  
 For brech of plighted truth, this true I try; choice  
 Ah, that my deed thus gaue my word the lye.

105.

Once, & but once, too deere an onſe to twice it,  
 A heauen in earth, Saints neere my ſelfe I ſaw;  
 Sweet was the ſight, but ſweter lous did ſpice it,  
 But ſights & lous did my miſdeed with-draw.  
 From heauen & ſaints, to hell & diu'ls eſtrang'd  
 Thoſe ſights to frights, thoſe lous to hates are

106.

(chang'd.

*Chriſt*, as my God, was tempted in my thought,  
 As man, he lent myne eyes their deereſt light.  
 But ſinne, his Temple hath to ruine brought:  
 And now he lightneth terror from his ſight.  
 Now of my lay vnconſecrate deſires,  
 Prophaned wretch I taſt the earned hires.

107.

Ah ſinne, the nothing that doth all things ſile;  
 Out-caſt frō heauē, earths curſe, the cauſe of hel,  
 Parent of death, authour of our exile,  
 The wreck of ſoules, the wares that fiends do ſell:  
 That men to monſters, Angels turne to Diuells:  
 Wrong of all rights, ſelfe ruine, roote of euils.

C

A thing

108.

A thing most done, yet more then God can doe:  
 Daily new done, yet euer done amisse;  
 Friended of all, yet vnto all a foe;  
 Seeming a heauen, yet banishing from blisse;  
 Serued with toyle, yet payning nought but pain;  
 Mans deepest losse, though false, esteemed gaine.

109.

Shot without noyse, woud without presēt smart;  
 First seeming light, prouing in fine a lode;  
 Entring with ease, not easily wonne to part;  
 Far in effects from that the shoves abode;  
 Endore'd with hope, subscribed with despaire;  
 Vgly in death, though life did faigne it faire.

110.

O forefeiture of heauen, eternall debt;  
 A moments ioy, ending in endlesse fires:  
 Our natures scum, the worlds entangling Net;  
 Night of our thoughts, death of all good desires;  
 Worse thē al this, worse then al tongues can say,  
 Which man could owe, but only God defray.

111.

This fawning viper, dumb til he had wounded:  
 With māy mouths doth now vpbraide my harms  
 My sight was veild, till I my selfe confounded,  
 Then did I see the dis-inchaunted charmes.  
 Then could I cut the Anatomy of sinne,  
 And search with *Linxes* eyes what lay vvithin.

Beyvitch-



112.

Bewitching euill, that hides death in deceits,  
 Still borrowing lying shapes to maske thy face,  
 Now know I the deciphring of thy sleights,  
 A cuning deerely bought with losse of grace;  
 Thy sugred poyson now hath vvrought so well,  
 That thou hast made me to my selfe a hell.

113.

My eye reads mournesfull lessons to my hart,  
 My hart doth to my thought the griefs expound,  
 My thought the same doth to my tongue impart,  
 My tongue the message in my eares doth sound;  
 My eares backe to my hart their sorrowes send,  
 Thus circling griefs run round without an end.

114.

My guilty eye still seemes to see my sinne,  
 All thinges are Characters to spell my fall.  
 What eye doth read without, hart rues vvithin;  
 What hart doth rue, to pensiue thought is gall:  
 Which vvhe the thought would by the tongue  
 The care conueyes it backe into the brest. (digest.

115.

Thus gripes in all my parts do neuer fayle,  
 Whose only league is now in bartring paines,  
 What I ingrosse, thy traffique by retayle,  
 Making each others miseries their gaines;  
 All bound, for ever, Prentices to care,  
 Whilst I in shop of shame trade sorrowes ware.

116.

Pleas'd with displeasing lot I seeke no change,  
 I wealthieft am when richest in remorse;  
 To fetch my ware no seas nor lands I range,  
 For customers to buy I nothing force.  
 My home-bred goods at home are bought & sold  
 And in my sell the interest still I hold.

117.

My comfort now is comfortlesse to liue,  
 In Orphan state deuoted to mishap:  
 Rent from the root, that sweetest fruit did giue,  
 I scorn'd to grasse in stocke of meaner sap.  
 No iuyce can ioy me but of Iesse flower,  
 Whos heauenly root hath true reuiuing power.

118.

At sorrows dore I knockt, they crau'd my name.  
 I answered one, vnworthy to be knowne.  
 What one, say they? One worthyest of blame.  
 But who? a wretch, not Gods, nor yet his own.  
 A man? o no, a beast, much worse: what creature?  
 A rocke: how call'd? *The Rocke of scandall, Peter.*

119.

(there?

From whence? from *Caiphas* house: ah dwel you  
 Sins farre I réted there, but now would leaue it  
 What rent? my soule; what gaine? vnrest, & feare.  
 Deere purchase? Ah too deere, wil you recoue it?  
 What shal we giue? fit tears, & tyme to plain me.  
 Come in, say they; thus griefs did entertain me.

With

120.

With them I rest true prisoner to their Iayle,  
 Chayn'd in the yron linkes of basest thrall,  
 Till Grace vouchsafing captiue soule to bayle,  
 In wonted Sea degraded Loues install.  
 Days passe in plaints, the nights without repose,  
 I wake, to weep, I sleep in waking woces.

121.

Sleep, deaths allye, obliuion of teares,  
 Silence of passions, blame of angry soare,  
 Suspence of loues security of feares,  
 Wraths lenitiue, harts ease, storms calmest shore.  
 Senses and soules repriuall from all cumbes,  
 Benumbing sense of ill with quiet slumbers,

122.

Not such my sleep, but whisperer of dreames,  
 Creating strang Chymera's, faygning frights:  
 Of day discourses giuing fancy theams, (ghts,  
 To make dum thewes with worlds of antick si-  
 Casting true griefs in fancies forging mold,  
 Brokenly telling tales rightly fore-told.

123.

This sleep most fitly sutch sorrowes bed,  
 Sorrow, the smart of euill, Sinnes eldest child:  
 Best, when vnkind in killing whome it bred,  
 A rack for guilty thoughts, a bit for wild:  
 The scorg that whips, the salve that cures offence:  
 Sorrow, my bed, & home, while life hath sense.

124.

Heere solitary Muses nurse my grifes,  
 In silent loncnesse burying worldly noyse,  
 Attentive to rebukes, deate to reliefs,  
 Pensive to faster cares, carelesse of ioyes:  
 Ruining lifes-losse vnder deaths dreary roofes,  
 Solemnizing my funerall behoofes.

125.

A selfe-contempt the throud, my soule the corse,  
 The Beere, an humble hope, the heart-cloth, feare,  
 The morners, thoughts, in blacks of deep remorse  
 The hearse, grace, pittie, loue, and mercy beare:  
 My teares, my dole, the Priest a zealous will:  
 Pennance the tombe, & doleful sighes the knill.

126.

Christ, health of feuer'd soule, heaven of the mind  
 Force of the feeble, nurse of infant loues,  
 Guide to the wandring foote, light to the blind,  
 Whom weeping wins, repentant sorrow moues,  
 Father in care, mother in tender hart,  
 Reuiue, and saue me, slaine, with sinfull dart.

127.

If King *Manasses* sunke in depth of sinne,  
 With plaints & teares recovered grace & crown,  
 A worthles worme some mild regard may win,  
 And lowly creep, where flying threw it down.  
 A poore desire I haue to mend my ill,  
 I should, I would, I dare not say, I will,

I dare

128.

I dare not say I vvill, but vvish I may,  
 Mypride is checht, high words the speaker spile  
 My good, o Lord, thy gift, thy strength, my stay,  
 Giue what thou bidst, & the bid what thou vvilt  
 Woike vvith me what thou of me dost request,  
 Then will I dare the most, and vow the best.

129.

Prone look, crost arms, bent knee, & contrite hart  
 Deep sighs, thick sobs, dew'd eyes, & prostrate  
 Most hūbly beg releafe of earned smart, (prayers,  
 Andsauiing shroud in mercyes sweet repayres.  
 If iustice should my vvrongsvvith rigor vvage:  
 Feares, would despayres; ruth, breed a hopelesse

130.

(rage.

Lazarat pittyes gate I vlcere'd lye,  
 Crauing the reffuse crums of childrens plate:  
 My soles, I lay in view to mercyes eye,  
 My rags beare vvitnes of my poore estate;  
 The wormsof cōscience that within me swarm  
 Prouethat my plaints are lesse then is my harm.

131.

With mildnes, *Iesu*, meature myne offence;  
 Let true remorse thy due reuenge abate;  
 Let tears appease when trespassse doth incense:  
 Let pittie temper thy deserued hate.  
 Let grace forgine, let loue forget my fall,  
 With feare I craue, with hope I humbly call.

C 4

Redeeme

Redeeme my lapse with ransome of thy loue,  
Trauerse th'inditement, rigors doome suspend:  
Let frailty fauour, sorrowes succour moue,  
Bethou thy selfe, though changeling I offend.  
Tender my sute, cleanse this defiled denne,  
Cancell my debts, sweet Iesu, say *Amen*.

*The end of S. Peters Complaint.*

*Saint*

## Saint Peters Peccau.

**I**N caues, sole *Sparrow* sits not more alone,  
 Nor mourning *Pellican* in desert wild:  
 Then silly I, that solitary mone,  
 From highest hopes to hardest hap exile:  
 Sometime (o blisfull tyme) was Vertues meed,  
 Ayme to my thoughts, guid to my word & deed.

But feares are now my Peeres, grief my delight,  
 My tears my drink, my famisht thoughts my bred:  
 Day full of dumps, Nurse of vnrceit the night,  
 My garments guines, a bloudy field my bed.  
 My sleepe is rather death, then deaths ally,  
 Yet kil'd with murthering pangues, I cannot dy.

This is the chaunce of my ill changed choyce,  
 Ruth for my rest, for comforts cares I find;  
 To pleasant tunes succeeds a playning voyce,  
 The dolefull Eccho of my wayling mind: (ioyes,  
 Which taught to know the worth of vertues  
 Doth hate it selfe for louing Fancies toyes.

If wiles of wit had ouer-wrought my will,  
 Or subtile traines misled my stepps awry,  
 My foyle had found excuse in want of skill,  
 Ill deed I might, though not ill done deny:  
 But wit & will must now confesse with thame,  
 Both deed & doome, to haue deserued blame.

*Saint Peters Peccaui.*

I Fancy deem'd fit guide to leade my way,  
 And as I deem'd, I did pursue her track;  
 Wit lost his ayme, and will was Fancies prey,  
 The Rebels wan, the Rulers went to wrack:  
 But now sith Fancy did with folly end, (mend.  
 Wit bought with losse, Will taught by wit, will

My sins, O Lord, do ouer-charge thy brest,  
 The poysetherof do force thy knees to bow;  
 Yea flat thouallest with my faults oppress,  
 And bloody sweat tuns trickling frō thy brow:  
 But had they not to earth thus pressed thee,  
 Much more they would in hell haue pestred me.

This Globe of earth doth thy one finger prop,  
 The world thou dost within thy hand imbrace,  
 Yet all this waight of sweat drew not a drop,  
 Nor made thee bow, much lesse fall on thy face:  
 But now thou hast a load so heavy found,  
 That makes thee bow, yea fal flat to the ground.

O sinne, how huge and heauy is thy waight,  
 That waighest more then all the world beside?  
 Of which when Christ had taken in his freight  
 The poysse thereof his flesh could not abide;  
 Alas, if God himselfe sinke vnder sinne,  
 What will become of man, that diest therein?

First,



## Saint Peters Peccaui.

First, flat thou fel'st, whē earth did thee receaue,  
 In Closet pure of *Maries* Virgin brest;  
 And now thou fal'st, of earth to take thy leaue,  
 Thou kissest it, as caule of thy vnrest:  
 O louing Lord, that so do'st loue thy foe,  
 As thus to kisse the ground where he doth go.

Thou minded in thy heauen our earth to weare,  
 Do'st prostrat now thy heauē our earth to blisse;  
 As God, to earth thou often wert seuer,  
 As man, thou cal'st a peace with bleeding kisse:  
 For as of soules thou common Father art,  
 So is the Mother of mens other part.

She shortly was to drink thy dearest bloud,  
 And yield thy soule a way to Sathans caue;  
 She shortly was thy corse in tombe to throwd;  
 And with them all thy Deity to haue:  
 Now then in me thou ioyntly yieldest all,  
 That seuerally to each should shortly fall.

O prostrate Christ, erect my crooked mind,  
 Lord let thy fall my flight from earth obtaine;  
 Or if I needs must still in earth be shrind,  
 Then Lord on earth come fall yet once againe:  
 And either yield in earth with me to ly,  
 Or els to take me from this misery.

*S. Peters*

*S. Peters returne home.*

**R**etyred thoughts enioy their owne delights,  
 As beauty doth in selfe-beholding eye :  
 Mans mind a mirrour is of heauenly sights,  
 A Brieft wherein all meruailes summed lye:  
 Of fayrest formes, & sweetest shapes the store,  
 Most graceful al, yet thought may grace thē more.

The Mind a creature is, yet can create,  
 To Natures patternes adding higher skill:  
 Of finest works Wit better could the state,  
 If force of Wit had equall power of Will.  
 Deuise of man in working hath no end, (mend.  
 What thought can thinke, another thought can

Mans Soule of endlesse Beauties Image is,  
 Drawn by the worke of endlesse skill & might;  
 This skilfull might haue many sparkes of blisse,  
 And to discerne this blisse a native light.  
 To frame Gods Image as his worth requird,  
 His might, his skill, his word, & will conspird.

All that he had, his Image should present,  
 All that it should present he could afford;  
 To that he could afford his will was bent,  
 His will was followed with performing word.  
 Let this suffice; by this conceiue the rest,  
 He should, he could, he would, he did the best.

*S. Peters*

*Saint Peters Comfort.*

W Here wards are weak, and foes encountring  
Where mightier do assault the do defend. (strōg.  
The feebler part puts vp inforced wrong,  
And silent sees, that speach could not amend :  
Yet higher powers must think, though they repine  
When sunne is set, the litle starres will shine .

While Pike doth range, the silly Tench doth fly,  
And crouch in priuy creeks with smaller fish:  
Yet Pikes are caught when litle fish go by,  
These fleet a flote, while those do fill the dish .  
There is a tyme euen for the wormes to creep,  
And suck the dew while al their foes do sleep.

The *Marline* cannot euer soare on high ,  
Nor *Grey-hound* still pursue his eager chase ,  
The tender *Larke* will find a tyme to fly ,  
And fearefull *Hare* to runne a quiet race .  
He that high growth on *Cedars* did bestow ,  
Gaue lowly *Mushrumps* also leaue to grow .

In *Amans* pompe poore *Mardachem* wept :  
Yet God did turne his fate vpon his foe .  
The *Lazar* pin'd , while *Dines* feast was kept .  
Yet he to heauen, to hell did *Dines* go .  
We trample grasse , & prize the flowers of May ,  
Yet grasse is green, when flowers do fade away .  
The

*Saint Peters Comfort.*

The lopped tree in tyme may grow againe,  
 Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower:  
 The sorriest wight may find release of paine,  
 The driest soyle suck in some moystning thowr.  
 Times go by turns, & chances change by course,  
 From foule to faire; from better hap to worse.

The Sea of Fortune doth not euer flow,  
 She drawes her fauours to the lowest ebbe,  
 Her tyde hath equall tymes to come and go,  
 Her Loom doth weaue the fine and coursest  
 No ioy so great, but runneth to an end; (webbe.  
 No hap so hard, but may in fine amend.

Not alwayes fall of lease, nor euer spring,  
 No endles Night, nor yet eternall Day:  
 The saddest Birds a season find to sing,  
 The roughest storme a calme may soone alay.  
 Thus with succeeding turnes God tempreth all:  
 That man may hope to rise, yet feare to fall.

A chaunce may win that by mischance was lost,  
 The net that holds no great; takes little fish;  
 In some things all, in all things none are crosse,  
 Few all they need, but none haue all they wish.  
 Vnmedled ioyes heere to no man befall,  
 Who least, hath some, who most, hath neuer all.

*S. Peters*

*Saint Peters VVish .*

**B**y Force I liue , in Will I wish to dye,  
 In plaint I passe the length of lingring dayes,  
 Free would my soule from mortall body flye,  
 And tread the tracke of deaths desired wayes;  
 Life is but losse, where death is deemed gaine,  
 And loathed pleasures breed displeasing paine.

Who would not dye to kil al murdring greenes.  
 Or who would liue in neuer dying feares?  
 Who wold not with his treasure safe frō theues,  
 And quit his hart from pāgues, his eyes frō tears?  
 Death parteth, but two euer fighting foes,  
 Whose ciuill strife, doth worke our endles woce.

Life is a wandring course to doubtfull rest,  
 As oft a cursed ryle to damning leape;  
 As happy race to winne a heauenly crest,  
 None being sure, what finall fruites to reape.  
 And who can like, in such a life to dwell,  
 Whos ways are strait to heau'n, but wide to hell?

Come cruell death, why lingrest thou so long?  
 What doth with-hold thy dint frō fatal stroke?  
 I ready am (alas) thou dost me wrong,  
 To let my liue more anger to prouoke.  
 Thy right is had, whē thou hast stopt my breath  
 Why shold'st thou stay, to work my debile death?

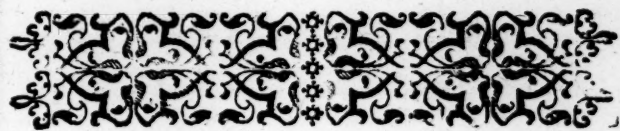
*Saint Peters VVish .*

If *Saules* attempt in falling on his blade,  
 As lawfull were, as eath to put in vre:  
 If *Sampsons* leaue a common law were made,  
 Of *Abels* lot if all that would were sure:  
 Then cruell death thou should'st the Tyrāt play  
 With none but such, as wished for delay.

Where life is lou'd, thou ready art to kill,  
 And to abridge with sodaine pangues their ioy,  
 Wher life is lothd thou wilt not work their will  
 But dost adiourne their death to their annoy.  
 To some thou art a fierce vnbidden guest,  
 But those that craue thy help, thou helpest least.

Auaunt foule monster, I thy spight desie,  
 There is a God that ouer-rules thy force,  
 Who can thy weapons to his Will apply,  
 And shorten, or prolong our brittle course:  
 I on his mercy, not thy might relye,  
 To him I liue, for him I hope to dye.

FINIS.



S. MARY  
MAGDALENS  
FVNERALL  
TEARES.

Written by R. S. Priest of the Society  
of I E S V S.

*Luētum Vnigeniti fac tibi plan-  
ctum amarum.*

Ierem. 6. vers. 26.



THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

1897

NEW YORK

1897

NEW YORK

1897

NEW YORK

NEW YORK

NEW YORK

1897





# TO THE RIGHT

WORTHY AND VERTVOVS

*Gentle-woman, M<sup>rs</sup>. D. A.*

**Y**OUR vertuous Request to which your Deserts gaue the force of a Commandement, wonne me to satisfy your Deuotion, in penning some little Discourse of the Blessed *Mary Magdalen*. And among other glorious exâples of this Saints life, I haue made choice of her FVNERALL TEARES, in which as she most vttered the great vehemency of her feruent Loue to Christ: so hath she giuen therein largest Scope to dilate vpon the same. A Theame pleasing I hope vnto your selfe, and fittest for this tyme. For as Passion, and especially this of loue, is in these dayes the chiefe commander of most mens actions, and the Idol to which

both tongues and pennes do sacrifice their ill bestowed labours : So is there nothing now more needfull to be intreated, then how to direct these Humours vnto their due courses, and to draw this floud of affection into the right Channel .

Passions I allow, and loues I approue: only I would wish that men would alter their obiekt , and better intents. For Passions being sequels of our Nature, and allotted vnto vs as the Hand-maides of Reason; there can be no doubt, but that as their Authour is good, and their end godly : so their vse tempered in the meane, implyeth no offence. Loue is but the infancy of true Charity, sucking yet Natures teate, and swathed in her bandes, which then groweth to perfection, when Faith besides naturall motiue proposeth higher and nobler grounds of amity .

Hatred and Anger are the necessary Officers of Prowesse and Iustice: Courage being cold and dull, and Iustice in due reuenge slacke and carelesse, where hate  
of

of the fault doth not make it odious : and Anger setteth not an edge on the sword that punisheth or preuenteth wrongs.

Desire and Hope are the parents of diligence & industry, the Nurses of Perseuerance and Constancy, the seedes of valour and magnanimity, the death of sloath, and the breath of all Verrue.

Feare and Dislike are the scouters of Discretion, the Harbinger of Wisedome and Pollicy, killing idle Repentance in the cradle, and curbing Rashnesse with Deliberation. Audacity is the armour of strength, & the guide to glory, breaking the yce to the hardest exploits, & crowning valour with most Honourable Victory.

Sorrow is the sister of mercy, and a waker of compassion, weeping with others teares, & grieved with their harmes. It is both the salve and smart of sinne, curing that which it chastiseth with true remorse, and preventing need of new cure with the detestation of the disease.

Despaire of successe, is a Bit against euill attempes, and the hearse of idle hopes ending endlesse thinges in their first motion to begin. True ioy is the rest and reward of vertue, seasoning difficultyes with delight, and giuing a present assay of future happinesse. Finally, there is no passion but hath a seruiceable vse, either in the pursuite of good, or auoydance of euill, and they are all benefits of God, and helpes of nature, so long as they are kept vnder Vertues correction.

But as too much of the best is euill, and excesse in Vertue is vice; so Passions let loose without limits are imperfections; nothing being good that wanteth measure. And as the sea is vnfit for trafficke, not only when the windes are too boistrous, but also when they are too still; and a middle gale and motion of the waues serueth best the saylers purpose: So neither too stormy, nor too calme a mind giueth Vertue the first course, but a middle temper betweene them both, in which the  
ordered

ordered passions are wrought to prosecute, not suffered to pervert any vertuous endeavour.

Such were the passions of this Holy Saint, which were not guides to reason, but attendants vpon it, and commaunded by such a loue as could neuer exceed, because the thing loued was of infinite perfection. And if her weakenesse of fayth (an Infirmitie then common to all Christs Disciples) did suffer her vnderstanding to be deceaued: yet was her wil so settled in a most sincere & perfect loue, that it lead all her passions with the same Bias, recompensing the want of beliefe, with the strange effects of an excellent Charity.

This Loue and these Passions are the subiect of this discourse, which though it reach not to the dignity of this Glorious Saints deserts: yet shall I thinke my endeavour well apaid, if it may woe some skillfuller pens from vnworthy labour, either to supply in this matter my want

of ability or in other of like piety ( wherof the Scripture is full ) to exercise their happy talents. I know that none can expresse a Passion that he feeleth not; neither doth the pen deliuer but what it coppieth out of the mind . And therefore sith the finest wits are now given to write passionate discourses, I would wish them to make choice of such passions , as it neither should be shame to vtter, nor sinne to feel -

But whether my wishes in this behalfe take effect or no, I reape at the least this reward of my paines, that I haue shewed my desire to answere your Courtesy ,  
and to set forth the due prayles  
of your Glorious  
Patronesse .

*Yours euer,*

R. S.



T O  
THE READER.

**M**Any suting their labours to the popular veyne, and guided by the gale of vulgar breath haue diuulged diuers patheticall discourses, in which if they had shewed as much care to profit as they haue done desire to please, their workes would much more haue honoured their names, and auailed the Readers. But it is a iust complaint amongst the better sort of persons, that the finest witts loose themselves in the vaineſt follies, spilling much Art in some idle phansie, and leauing their workes as witness how long they haue been in trauaile, to be in fine deliuered of a fable. And sure it is a thing greatly to be lamented, that men of so high conceit, should so much abase their abilities, that when they haue racked them to

the vttermoſt endeavour, all the prayſe that they reape of their employment, conſiſteth in this, that they haue wiſely told a fooliſh tale, and carryed a long lye very ſmoothly to the end. Yet this inconuenience might find ſome excuſe, if the drift of their diſcourſe leuelled at any vertuous marke. For in fables are often figured moral truths, & that couertly vttered to a common good, which without a maſke would not find ſo free a paſſage. But when the ſubſtance of the worke hath neither truth nor probability, nor the purport thereof tendeth to any honeſt end, the writer is rather to be pittied then prayſed, and his bookes fitter for the fire then for the preſſe. This common ouerſight more haue obſerued, then endeauoured to ſalue, euery one being able to reprove, none willing to redreſſe ſuch faults, authorized eſpecially by generall cuſtome. And though if neceſſity the lawleſſe Patrone of inforced actions had no more preuailed then choiſe, this worke of ſo different a ſubiect from the vsuall veine, ſhould haue beene no eye-ſore to thoſe that are pleaſed with worſe matters. Yet ſith  
the



the coppies thereof flew so fast, and so false abroad, that it was in danger to come corrupted to the print; it seemed a lesse euill to let it flye to common view in the natie plume, and with the owne wings, then disguised in a coat of a bastard feather, or cast off from the fist of such a correctour, as might happily haue perished the sound, and stucke in some sicke and sorry feather of his owne phansies. It may be that courteous skill will reckone this, though course in respect of other exquisite labors, not unfit to entertain wel tempered humors, both with pleasure and profit, the ground thereof being in scripture, and the forme of enlarging it, an imitation of the ancient doctours in the same, and other points of like tenour. This comodity at the least it will carry with it, that the Reader may learne to loue without improse of purity, & teach his thoughts either to temper passion in the mean, or to giue the bridle only where the excesse cannot be faulty. Let the worke defend it selfe, and euery one passe his Censure as he seeth cause. Many carpes are expected when curious eyes come a fishing.

But

*But the care is already taken , and Patience  
waiteth at the Table , ready to take away ,  
when that Dish is served in , and  
make roome for others , to set  
on the desired  
Fruit .*

R. S.



SAINT



# S A I N T M A R Y

## M A G D A L E N S

### F V N E R A L L T E A R E S .

**A**MONGST other mournfull accidents of the Passion of Christ, that Loue presenteth it selfe vnto my memory, with which the *B. Mary Magdalen* louing our Lord more then her life, followed him in his journey to his death, attending vpon him when his Disciples fled, and being more willing to die with him, then they to liue without him. But not finding the fauour, to accompany him in death, and loathing after him to remaine in life, the fire of her true affection inflamed her hart, and her inflamed hart resolved into vncessant teares: so that burning and bathing betweene loue and grieffe, she led a life euer dying, and felt a death neuer ending. And when he by whome she liued was dead, and she for whome he died inforcedly left aliue; she praysed the dead more then

then the liuing ; and hauing lost that light of her life, she desired to dwell in darkenesse, and in the shadow of death ; choosing Christes Tombe for her best home, and his corse for her chiefe comfort. For *Mary* (as the Euangelist sayth) *stood without, at the Tombe weeping.*

But (alas) how vnfortunate is this womā, to whome neither life will affoord a desired farewell, nor death allow any wished well-come? She hath abandoned the liuing, and chosen the company of the dead : and now it seemeth that euen the dead haue forsaken her; sith the corse she seeketh is taken away from her. And this was the cause that loue induced her to stand, and sorrow enforced her to weep. Her eye was watchfull to seeke whome her hart most longed to enioy, and herefoot in a redinesse to runne, if her eye should chance to espy him. And therefore she standeth to be still stirring, prest to watch euery way, and prepared to goe whither any hope should call her. But she wept because she had such occasion of standing; and that which moued her to watch was the motiue of her teares. For as she watched to find whome she had lost ; so she wept for hauing lost whome she loued, her poore eye being troubled at once with two contrary offices, both to be cleare in

in sight the better to seeke him, & yet cloudy with teares for missing the sight of him.

Yet was not this the entrance but the increase of her griefe, not the beginning but the renewing of her moane. For first she mourned for the departing of his soule out of his body, and how she lamented the taking of his body out of the graue, being punished with two wrckes of her only wellfare, both full of misery, but the last without all comfort. The first originall of her sorrow grew because she could not enioy him aliue: yet this sorrow had some sollace, for that she hoped to haue enjoyed him dead.

But when she considered that his life was already lost, and now not so much as his body could be found, she was wholly daunted with dismay, with this unhappines admitted no help. She doubted least the loue of her master (the only portion that her Fortune had left her) would soon languish in her cold brest if it neither had his words to kindle it, nor his presence to cherish it, nor so much as his dead ashes to rake it vp. She had prepared her spices and prouided her ointments, to pay him the last tribute of eternall duties. And though *S. Ioseph* and *Nicodemus* had already bestowed a hundred pounds of *Myrrh* & *Aloes*, which

which was in quantity sufficient, in quality of the best, and as well applyed as art and deuotion could deuise: yet such was her loue, that she would haue thought any quantity too litle, except hers had been added, the best in quality too meane, except hers were with it, and no diligence in applying it inough, except her seruice were in it. Not that she was sharpe in censuring that which others had done, but because loue made her so desirous to do all her selfe, that though all had beene done that she could deuise, and as well as she could with, yet vnlesse she were an Actor, it would not suffice; sith loue is as eager to be vttered in effects, as it is zealous in true affection. She came therefore now meaning to embalm his corpes, as she had before anointed his feet, and to preserve the reliques of his body, as the only remnant of all blisse. And as in the spring of her felicity she had washed his feet with her teares, bewayling vnto him the death of her owne soule: so now she came in the depth of her misery, to shedde them fresh, for the death of his body. But when she saw the graue open, and the body taken out, the labor of embalming was prevented, but the cause of her weeping increased; and he that was wanting to her obsequies, was not

not wanting to her teares , and though she found not whome to annoint , yet found she whome to lament ,

And not without cause did *S. Mary* complaine, finding her first anguish doubled with a second griete , and being surcharged with two most violent sorrowes in one afflicted hart . For hauing settled her whole affection vpon Christ, and summed all her desires and wishes into the loue of his goodnesse , as nothing could equall his worthes ; so was there not in the whole world, either a greater benefite for her to enioy then himselfe , or any greater damage possible then his losse .

The murdering in his one death, the life of all lifes, left a generall death in all liuing creatures, and his decease not only disrobed our nature of her most royall ornaments, but impouerished the world of all highest perfections . What meruaile therefore though her vehement loue to so lonely a Lord, being after the wrecke of his life, now also deprived of his dead body, feele as bitter pangues for his losse, as before it tasted ioyes in his presence ; and open as large an issue to teares of sorrow , as euer heeretofore to teares of contentement ? And though teares were rather oile then water to her flame, apter to nourish

then diminish her griefe: yet now being plunged in the depth of paine, she yield her selfe captiue to all discomfort, carrying an overthrowne mind in a more enfeebled body, and still busy in deuising, but euer doubtfull in defyning what she might best doe. For what could a silly woman doe but weepe, that floating in a sea of cares, found neither eare to heare her, nor tongue to direct her, nor hand to help her, nor hart to pittie her in her desolate case? True it is, that *Peter* and *Iohn* came with her to the Tombe, and to make triall of her report were both within it: but as they were speedy in comming, and diligent in searching, so were they as quicke to depart, and fearfull of further seeking. And alas, what gained she by their comming, but two witnessles of her losse, two dismayers of her hope, and two patterns of a new despayre? Loue moued them to come, but their loue was soone conquered with such a feare, that it suffered them not to stay. But *Mary* hoping in despayre, and perseuering in hope, stood without feare, because she now thought nothing left that ought to be feared. For she had lost her maister to whome she was so entirely deuoted, that he was the totall of her lones, the height of her hopes, and the vttermost



most of her feares , and theretore besides him , she could neither loue other creature , hope for other comfort , nor feare other losse . The worst she could feare was the death of her body , and that she rather desired then feared , sith she had already lost the life of her soule , without which , any other life would be a death , and with which any other death would haue beene a delight . But now shee thought it better to dye then to liue , because she might happily dying find , whome not dying she looked not to enioy , and not enioying she had little will to liue . For now she loued nothing in her life , but her loue to Christ , and if any thing did make her willing to liue , it was only the vnwillingnesse that his Image should dye with her , whose likenesse , loue had limitted in her hart , and treasured vp in her sweetest memoryes . And had she not feared to breake the Table , and to breake open the closet , to vvhich she had entrusted this last Relique of her lost happynesse , the violence of grief would haue melted her hart into inward bleeding teares , & blotted her remembrance vvith a fatall obliuion . And yet neuerthelesse , she is now in so imperfect a sort aliue , that it is proued true in her , that , *Loue is as strong as death* . For what could

death haue done more in *S. Mary*, then loue did? Her witts were astonished, and all her senses so amazed, that in the end finding she did not know, seeing she could not discern, hearing she perceaued not, and more then all this, she was not there where she was; for she was wholly where her Maister was, more where she loued, then where she liued, & lesse in her selfe then in his body; which notwithstanding where it was she could not imagine. For she sought, and as yet found not, & therefore stood at the Tombe weeping for it, being now altogether giuen to mourning and drimmed to misery.

But O *B. Mary*, by whose counsaile, vpon what hope, or with what hart, couldest thou stand alone, when the Disciples were departed? Thou wert there once before they came, thou returnedst againe at their comming, and yet now thou stayest when they are gone. Alas that thy Lord is not in the Tombe, thy own eyes haue often scene, the Disciples handes haue felt, the empty Syndon doth auouch, and cannot all this winne thee to beleue it? No no, thou wouldest rather condemne thy owne eyes of error, and both their eyes, and handes of deceit, yea rather suspect all testimonys for vntrue, then not looke whome thou

thou hast lost, euen there, where by no diligence he could be found . When thou thinkest of other places, and canst not imagine any so likely as this, thou seekest againe in this, and though neuer so often sought, it must still be a haunt for hope. For when things dearly affected are lost, loues nature is neuer to be weary of searching, euen the oftenest searched corners, being more willing to thinke that all the senses are mistaken, then to yield that hope should quaille . Yet now sith it is so euident that he is taken away, what should moue thee to remaine heere where the perill is apparant and no profit likely ? Can the wit of one (and she a woman) wholly possessed with passion, haue more light to discerne daunger, then two witts of two men, and both principall fauourits of the parent of all wisdome ? Or if (notwithstanding the daunger) there had been iust cause to encounter it, were not two togeather, being both to Christ sworn champions, each to other affyed friendes, and to all his enemyes professed foes, more likely to haue preuailed, then one feminine hart, timorous by kind, and already amazed with this dreadfull accident ?

But alas, why do I vrge her with reason, whose reason is altered into loue, and that

iudgeth it folly to follow such reason, as should any way impayre her loue? Her thoughtes were arested by euery threed of Christs Syndon, & she was captiue in so many prisons, as the Tombe had memories of her lost maister: Loue being her Iailer in them all and nothing able to ransome her, but the recouery of her Lord. What meruaile then though the Apostles examples drew her not away, whome so violent a loue enforced to remayne, which prescribing lawes both to wit and will, is guided by no other law but it selfe? She could not thinke of any feare, nor stand in feare of any force. Loue armed her against all hazardes, and being already wounded with the greatest griefe, she had no leasure to remember any lesser euill. Yea she had forgotten all thinges, and her selfe among all thinges; only mindfull of him, whome she loued aboue all thinges. And yet her loue by reason of her losse, drowned both her mind and memory so deep in sorrow, and so busied her wits in the conceit of his absence, that all remembrance of his former promises, was diuerted with the throng of present discomfort. and she seemed to haue forgotten also him besides whome she remembred nothing. For doubtlesse had shee remembred him as shee should

Should, she would not haue now thought the Tombe a fit place to seeke him, neither would she mourne for him as dead, and remoued by others force, but ioy in him as reuiued, and risen by his owne power. For she had often foretould both the manner of his death, and the day of his resurrection. But (alas) let her heauines excuse her, and the vnwontednesse of the miracle plead her pardon, fith dread & amazement hath dulled her senses, distempered her thoughtes, discouraged her hopes, awaked her passions, and left her no other liberty but only to weep.

She wept therefore, being only able to weep. And, *As she was weeping, she stouped downe, and looked into the Monument, and she saw two Angels in white, sitting one at the head, and another at the feet, where the body of Iesus had beene laid. They sayd vnto her, VWoman why weepest thou?*

O B. Mary, thy good hap exceedeth thy hope, and where thy last sorrow was bred, thy first succour springeth. Thou diddest seek but one, and thou hast found two. A dead body was thy errand, and thou hast light vpon two aliue. Thy weeping was for a man, & thy teares haue obtained Angels. Suppress now thy sadnesse, and refresh thy hart with this good fortune. These Angels inuite thee to a

parley, they seeme to take pittie of thy case, & it may be they haue some happy tidings to tel thee. Thou hast hitherto sought in vaine, as one either vnseene, or vnknowne, at the least vnregarded, sith the party thou seekest, neither tendreth thy teares, nor answereth thy cryes, not relenteth with thy lamenting. Either he doth not heare, or he will not help, he hath perdaunture left to loue thee, and is loath to yield the reliefe, and therefore take such comfort as thou findest, sith thou art not so lucky, as to find that which thou couldest wish. Remember what they are, where they sit, from whence they come, and to whome they speake. They are Angells of peace, neither sent without cause, nor seene but of fauour. They sit in the Tombe, to shew that they are no strangers to thy losse. They come from Heauen, from whence all happy newes descendeth. They speak to thy selfe, as though they had some speciall Embassage to deliuer vnto thee. Aske them therefore of thy Maister, for they are likeliest to returne thee a desired answer. Thou knewest him too well to thinke that hell hath deuoured him, thou hast long sought, and hast not found him in earth, and what place so fit for him as to be in Heauen? Aske therefore of those Angells that  
came

came newly from thence, and it may be their report will highly please thee. Or if thou art resolved to continue thy seeking, who can better help thee then they that are so swift as thy thought, as faithfull as thy owne hart, and as louing to thy Lord as thou thy selfe? Take therfore thy good hap, least it be taken away from thee, and content thee with Angells, sith thy Maister hath given thee ouer.

But alas what meanes this change, and how hapneth this strange alteration? The tyme hath beene that fewer teares would haue wrought greater effects, shorter seeking haue sooner found, and lesse payne haue procured more pittie. The tyme hath beene that thy annoynting his feete, was accepted and praysed, thy washing them with teares highly commended, and thy wyping them with thy haire, most courtcoussly construed. How then doth it now fall out, that hauing brought thy sweet Oyles, to annoynt his whole body, hauing shed as many teares, as would haue washed more then his feete, and hauing not onely thy haire but thy heart ready to serue him, he is not moued with all these duties, so much as once to afford thee his sight? Is it not he that reclaimed thee from thy wandring courses, that dispossessed thee of thy dā-

ned inhabitants, and from the wiles of sin, recovered thee into the fold and family of his flocke? Was not thy house his home, his loue thy life, thy selfe his disciple? Did not he defend thee against the Pharisee, plead for thee against *Iudas*, and excuse thee to thy sister? In summe, was not he thy patron and protector in all thy necessities?

O good Iesu what hath thus estranged thee from her? Thou hast heretofore so pittied her teares, that seeing them thou couldest not re-frayne thyne. In one of her greatest agonyes for loue of her, that so much loved thee, thou didst recall her dead brother to life, turning her complaint into vnexpected contentment. And we know that thou doest not vse to alter course without cause, nor to chastise without desert. Thou art the first that inuitest, and the last that forsakest, neuer leauing but first left, and euer offering, til thou art refused. How then hath she forfayted thy fauour? Or with what trespasse hath shee earned thy ill will? That she neuer left to loue thee, her heart will depose, her hand will subscribe, her tongue will protest, her teares will testifie and her seeking doth assure.

And alas, is her particuler case so farre from example, that thou should'st rather alter thy  
nature



nature, then she better her fortune, and be to her as thou art to no other? For our partes since thy last shew of liking towards her, we found no other fault in her, but that she was the earliest vp to seeke thee, readiest to annoynt thee, and when she sawe that thou wert remooued, she forthwith did weep for thee, and presently went for help to find thee. And wheras those two that she brought, being lesse careful of thee, then fearfull of themselves, when they had seen what she had sayd, sodainly shrunk away; behould she still stayeth, she still seeketh, she still weepeth. If this be a fault, we cannot deny but this she doth, and to this she perswadeth; yea this she neyther meaneth to amend, nor request thee to forgiue: if therefore thou reckonest this as punishable, punished she must be, sith no excuse hath effect where the fact pleadeth guilty. But if this import not any offence but a true affection, and be rather a good desire then an euill desert, why art thou so hard a Iudge to so soft a creature, requiring her loue with thy losse, and suspending her hopes in this vnhappines? Are not these thy words; *I loue those that loue me, and who watcheth early for me shall find me?* Why then doth not this woman find thee, that was vp so early to watch

watch for thee? Why doest thou not with like  
 repay her, that bestoweth vpon thee her  
 whole loue, fith thy word is her warrant, and  
 thy promise her due debt? Art thou lesse mo-  
 ued with these teares that she sheddeth for  
 thee her only Maister, then thou wert with  
 those that she shed before thee for her deceased  
 brother? Or doth her loue to thy seruant  
 more please thee, then her loue to thy selfe?  
 Our loue to others must not be to them, but  
 to thee in them. For he loueth thee so much  
 the lesse, that loueth any thing with thee, that  
 he loueth nor for thee. If therefore she then  
 deserued well for louing thee in another, she  
 deserueth better now for louing thee in thy  
 selfe: and if indeed thou louest those that loue  
 thee, make thy word good to her, that is so  
 farre in loue with thee. Of thy selfe thou hast  
 sayd, that thou art, *The way, the truth, and the life.*  
 If then thou art a way easie to find and neuer  
 erring, how doth she misse thee? If a life gi-  
 uing life and neuer ending, why is she ready  
 to dy for thee? If a true promising truth and  
 neuer failing, how is she bereaued of thee? For  
 if what thy tongue did speake, thy truth will  
 auerre, she will neuer aske more to make her  
 most happy. Remember that thou saydst to  
 her sister, that *Mary had chosen the best part,*  
*which*

*which should not be taken from her.* That she chose the best part is out of question, sith she made choyse of nothing but only of thee. But how can it be verified, that this part shall not be taken from her, sith thou that art this part, art already taken away? If she could haue kept thee, she would not haue lost thee, and had it beene in her power, as it was in her will, she would neuer haue parted from thee: and might she now be restored to thy presence, she would trie all Fortunes rather then forgoe thee. Sith therefore she seeketh nothing but what she chose, and the losse of her choice is the only cause of her combat; either vouchsafe thou to keep this best part she chose, or I see not how it can be true, that it shall not be taken from her. But thy meaning happily was, that though it be taken from her eyes, yet it should neuer be taken from her hart, and it may be thy inward presence supplyeth thine outward absence: yet I can hardly thinke, but that if *S. Mary* had thee within her, she could feele it, and if she felt it, she would neuer seeke thee. Thou art too hot a fire to be in her bosome, and not to burne her, and thy light is too great, to leaue her mind in this darknesse if it shined in her. In true louers euery part is an eye, and euery thought a  
look

looke, and therefore so sweet an object amongst so many eyes, and in so great a light, could neuerly so hidden but loue would espy it. No no, if *Mary* had thee, her innocent hart neuer taught to dissemble, could not make complaint the outside of a concealed comfort, neyther would she turne her thoughts to pasture in a dead mans Tombe, if at home she might bid them to so heavenly a banquet. Her loue would not haue a thought to spare, nor a minute to spend, in any other action then in enioying of thee, whome she knew too well, to abridge the least part in her from so high a happinesse. For her thirst of thy presence was so exceeding, and the sea of thy ioyes so wel able to affoord her a full draught, that though euery parcell in her should take in a whole tyde of thy delights, she would thinke them too few to quiet her desires. Yea doubtles if she had thee within her, she would not enuy the fortune of the richest Empreffe, yea she would more reioyce to be thy Tombe in earth then a throne in heauen, and disdain to be a Saint if she were worthy to be but thy shrine.

But peradventure it is now with her mind, as it was with the Apostles eyes, and as they seeing thee walke vpon the sea, tooke thee  
for

for a Ghost; so she seeing thee in her heart, deemeth thee but a fancy, being yet better acquainted with thy bodily shape, then with thy spirituall power.

But O *B. Mary*, it seemeth too strang that he whom thou seekest, and for whom thou wepest, should thus giue thee ouer, to these paynfull fits, if in thee he did not see a cause for which he will not be seene of thee. Still thy playnt & stint thy weeping, for I doubt there is some trespasse in thy teares, and some sinne in thy sorrow. Doeſt thou not remember his words to thee and to other women, when he sayd: *Daughters of Ierusalem weep not vpon me, but weep vpon your selues, and vpon your Children?* What meanest thou then to continue this course? Doth he forbid thy teares, and wilt thou not forbear them? Is it no fault to infringe his will, or is not that his will, that his words do import? The fault must be mended, ere the pennance be releas'd, and therefore eyther cease to weepe, or neuer hope to find. But I know this Logickelittle pleaseth thee, and I might as soone win thee to forbear liuing, as to leane weeping.

Thou wilt say, that though hee forbad thee to weepe for him, yet hee left thee free, to weep for thy selfe; and ſith thy loue hath  
made

made thee one with him, thou weepest but for thy selfe when thou weepest for him. But I answered thee againe, that because he is one with thee, and thy weeping for him hath bin forbidden thee, thou canst not weepe for thy selfe, but his words will condemne thee. For if thou and he are one, for which soeuer thou weepest it is all one, and therefore sith for him thou mayst not weepe, forbear all weeping, least it should offend.

Yea but (sayst thou) to barre me from weeping, is to abridge me of liberty, and restraint of liberty is a penalty, and euery penalty suppoeth some offence: but an offence it is not to weepe for my selfe, for he would neuer commaund it, if it were not lawfull to do it. The fault therefore must be, in being one with him, that maketh the weeping for my selfe a weeping also for him. And if this be a fault, I will neuer amend it; and let them that thinke so, do pennance for it: for my part, sith I haue lost my mirth, I will make much of my sorrow, and sith I haue no ioy but in teares, I may lawfully shed them. Neither thinke I his former word, a warrant against his later deed. And what need had he to weep vpon the Crosse, but for our example, which if it were good for him to giue,

it cannot be euill for me to follow? No no, it is not my weeping that causeth my losse, sith a world of eyes, and a sea of teares could not worthily bewaile the losse of such a Maister.

Yet since, neither thy seeking findeth, nor thy weeping preuayleth, satisfy thy self with the sight of Angells. Demaund the cause of their comming, and the reason of thy Lords remoue, and sith they first offer thee occasion of parley, be not thou too dainty of thy discourse. It may be they can calme thy stormes, and quiet thy vnrest, and therefore conceale not from them thy sore, lest thou loose the benefit of their emplaister. But nothing can moue *B. Mary* to admit comfort, or entertain any company; for to one alone, and for cuer she hath vowed her selfe: and except it be to him, she will neither lend her care long to others, nor borrow others help, least by seeking to allay her smart, she should lessen her loue. But drawing into her mind all pensiue conceits, she museth and pineth in a consuming languor, taking comfort in nothing but in being comfortlesse.

Alas, sayth she, small is the light that a star can yield when the Sunne is downe; and a sorry exchange to go gather crums after the losse of a heauenly repast. My eyes are not vsed

to see by the glimes of a sparke: and in seeking the Sunne it is either needlesse, or bootlesse to borrow the light of a candle, sith either it must bewray it selfe with the selfe light, or no other light can euer discover it. If they come to disburden me of my heauynesse, their comming will be burdensome vnto me, and they will load me more while they labour my reliefe. They cannot perswade me, that my maister is not lost, for my owne eyes will disproue them. They can lesse tell me where he may be found, for they would not be so simple to be so long from him: or if they can forbear him, surely they do not know him, whome none can truly know, and liue long without him. All their demurres would be tedious, and discourfes irkesome. Impaire my loue they might, but appay it they could not, to which he that first accepted the debt is the only payment. They either want power, will, or leaue to tell me my desire, or at the first word they would haue done it, sith Angels are not vsed to idle speeches, & to me all talke is idle, that doth not tell me of my maister. They know not where he is, and therefore they are come to the place where he last was, making the Tombe their heauen, and the remembrance of his presence the food of  
their



their felicity. Whatsoeuer they could tel me, if they told me not of him, and whatsoeuer they should tell me of him, if they told me not where he were, both their telling and my hearing were but a wasting of tyme. I neither came to see them, nor desire to heare the. I came not to see Angells, but him that made both me and Angells, and to whome I owe more then both to men and Angells.

And to thee I appeale, O most louing Lord, whether my afflicted hart do not truly defray the tribute of an vndeuided Loue. To thee I appeale, whether I haue ioyned any partner with thee in the small possession of my poore selfe. And I would to God I were as priuy where thy body is, as thou art, who is only Lord and owner of my soule.

But alas sweet Iesu, where thou wert thou art not, & where thou art I know not: wretched is the case that I am in, and yet how to better it I can not imagine. Alas O my only desire, why hast thou left me wauering in these vncertainties, and in how wild a maze wander my doubtfull and perplexed thoughts? If I stay heere where he is not, I shall neuer find him. If I would go further to seek, I know not whither. To leaue the Tombe is a death, and to stand helples by it, is an vncurable disease,

F 2

leafe, so that all my comfort is now concluded in this, that I am left free to chose whether I will stay without help, or go without hope, that is in effect, with what torment I will end my life. And yet euen this were too happy a choice for so vnhappy a creature. If I might be chooser of my owne death, o how quickly should that choice be made, and how willingly would I runne to that execution? I would be nailed to the same crosse, with the same nayles, and in the same place: my hart should be wounded with his speare, my head with his thornes, my body with his whips: Finally I would taste all his torments, and tread all his embrued and bloody steps.

But O ambitious thoughts, why gaze you vpon so high a felicity? Why thinke you of so glorious a death, that are priuy to so infamous a life? death alas I deserue, yea not one but infinite deaths. But so sweet a death, seasoned with so many comforts, the very instruments whereof were able to raise the deadeſt corps, and purify the most defiled soule, were too small a scourge for my great offences. And therefore I am left to feele so many deaths as I liue houres, & to passe as many pangues, as I haue thoughts of my losse, which are as many as there are minutes, and as violent as if they

they were all in euery one . But sith I can neither dye as he dyed, nor liue where he lyeth dead, I will liue out my liuing death by his graue, and dye on my dying life by his sweete Tombe . Better is it after losse of his body to look to his sepulcher, then after losse of the one, to leaue the other to be destroyed . No no, though I haue beene robbed of the Saint, I will at the last haue care of the shrine which though it be spoyled of the most soveraigne hoast, yet shall it be the Altar where I will dayly sacrifice my hart, and offer vp my teares .

Heere will I euer lead, yea heere do I meane to end my wretched life, that I may at the least be buried by the Tombe of my Lord, and take my iron sleep neere this couch of stone, which his presence had made the place of sweetest repose .

It may be also that this empty *Synden* lying heere to no vse, and this Tombe being open without any in it, may giue occasion to some mercifull hart, that shall first light vpon my vnburied body, to wrap me in his shroud, and to enterre me in this Tombe .

O too fortunate a lot, for so vnfortunate a woman to craue : no no, I do not craue it . For alas I dare not, yet if such a sinfull over-

fight should be committed, I do now before hand, forgiue that sinner, & were it no more presumption to wish it aline then to suffer it dead, if I knew the party that should first passe by me, I would wooe him with my teares, & hire him with my prayers, to blesse me with this felicity. And though I dare not with any to do it, yet this without offence I may say to all, that I loue this *Syndon* aboue all cloathes in the world, and this Tombe I esteeme more then any Princes monument: yea, & I thinke that corse highly fauoured, that shall succeed my Lord in it: & for my part as I meane, that the ground, where I stand shall be my death-bed, so am I not of *Iacobs* mind to haue my body buried far from the place where it dyeth, but euen in the next and readiest graue, and that as soone as my breath fayleth, with delayes are bootlesse, where death hath won possession.

But alas I dare not say any more, let my body take such fortune as befalleth it: my soule at the least shall dwell in this sweet Paradise, and from this brittle case of flesh and bloud passe presently into the glorious Tombe of God and man. It is now enwrapped in a maze of corruption, it shall then enioy a place of high perfection: where it is now, it is  
more

more by force then by choice, and like a repining prisoner in a loathed goale. But there in little roome it should find perfect rest, and in the prison of death, the liberty of a ioyfull life.

Of sweet Tombe of my sweetest Lord, while I liue I will stay by thee: when I dye, I will cleaue vnto thee, neither aliue nor dead, will I euer be drawne from thee. Thou art the Altar of mercy, the Temple of truth, the Sanctuary of safety, the graue of death, & the cradle of eternall life. O heauen my eclipsed Sunne, receaue vnto thee this silly starre that hath now also lost all wished light. O Whale that hast swallowed my only *Ionas*, swallow also me, more worthy to be thy prey, sith I, and not he, was the cause of this bloody tempest. O Cesterne of my innocent *Ioseph*, take me into thy drye bottome, sith I, and not he, gaue iust cause of offence to my enraged brethren. But alas, in what cloud hast thou hidden the light of our way? Vpon what shoare hast thou cast vp the preacher of all truth? Or to what *Ismaelite* hast thou yeilded the purueiour of our life?

Oh vnhappy me, why did I not before thinke of that which I now aske? Why did I leaue him when I had him, thus to lament

him, now that I haue lost him? If I had watched with perseuerance, either none would haue taken him, or they should haue taken me with him.

But through too much precisenesse in keeping the law, I haue lost the law-maker, by being too scrupulous in obseruing hisceremonyes, I am proued irreligious in loosing himselfe, sith I should rather haue remained with the truth then forsaken it, to solemnize the figure. The Sabbath could not haue been prophaned in standing by his corse, by which the prophaneft thinges are sanctified, and whose touch doth not defile the cleane, but cleanseth the most defiled.

But when it was tyme to stay, I departed: When it was too late to help, I returned: and now I repent my folly, when it cannot be amended. But let my hart dissolue into sighs myne eyes melt in teares, & my desolate soule languish in dislikes: yea let all that I am and haue, indure the deserved punishment, that if he were incensed with my fault, he may be appeased with my pennance, and returne vpon the amendment that fled from the offence.

Thus when her timorous conscience had indited her of so grrat an omission, and her tongue enforced the euidence with these  
bitter

bitter accusations. Loue, that was now the only vmpire in all her caules, condemned her eyes to a fresh showre of teares, her breast to a new storme of sighes, and her soule to be perpetuall prisoner to restlesse sorrowes.

But O *B. Mary*, thou deceiuest thy selfe in thy owne desires, and it well appeareth, that excesse of grief, hath bred in thee a defect of due prouidence.

And wouldest thou indeed haue thy wishes come to passe, & thy word fulfilled? Tell me then, I pray thee, if thy hart were dissolued, where wouldest thou harbor thy Lord? what wouldest thou offer him? how wouldest thou loue him?

Thy eyes haue lost him, thy hands cannot feele him, thy feete cannot follow him, and if it be at all in thee, it is thy heart that hath him, and wouldest thou now haue that dissolved, from thence allso to exile him? And if thy eyes were melted, thy soule in languor, and thy senses decayed, how wouldest thou see him, if hee did appeare? how shouldst thou heare him, if he did speake? how couldst thou know him, though he were there present?

Thou thinkest happily that he loueth thee so well, that if thy heart were spent for his loue, he would eyther lend his owne heart

vnto thee, or create a new heart in thee, better then that which thy sorrow tooke from thee. It may be, thou imaginest, that if thy soule would giue place, his soule wanting now a body, would enter into thynce, with supply of all thy senses, and release of thy sorrowes.

O *B. Mary*, thou didst not marke what thy maister was wont to say, when he told thee, that the third day he should rise againe. For if thou hadst heard him, or at least vnderstood him, thou wouldest not thinke, but that hee new vseth both his heart and soule in the life of his owne body. And therefore repaire to the Angels, and enquire more of them, least thy Lord be displeased, that comming from him thou wilt not entertayne them.

But *B. Mary*, whose deuotions were all fixed vpon a nobler Saint, and that had so straightly bound her thoughts to his onely affection, that she rather desired to vnknow whom she knew already, then to burden her mind with the knowledge of new acquaintance, could not make her will, long since possessed with the highest loue, stoupe to the acceptance of meaner friēdship. And for this though she did not skornfully reiect, yet did she with humility refuse the Angells company, thinking it  
no



no discourtesie to take her selfe from them, for to giue her selfe more wholly to her Lord, to whom both she and they were wholly deuoted, and ought most loue and greatest duty. Sorrow also being now the onely interpreter of all that sense, deliuered to her vnderstanding, made her construe their demaund in a more doubtfull then true meaning.

If (*sayth she*) they came to ease my affliction, they could not be ignorant of the cause: and if they were not ignorant of it, they would neuer aske it: why then did they say, *Woman why weepest thou?*

If their question did import a prohibition, the necessity of the occasion doth countermaund their counsaile, and fitter it were they should weep with me, then I in not weeping obey them.

If the Sunne were ashamed to shew his brightnesse, when the Father of lights was darkened with such disgrace: If the heauens discolouring their beautyes, suted themselves to their Makers fortune: If the whole frame of nature were almost dissolved to see the Author of nature so vnnaturally abused: why may not Angells, that best knew the indignity of the case, make vp a part in this lamentable Consort? And especially now, that by  
the

the losse of his body, the cause of weeping is increased, & yet the number of mourners lessened; sith the Apostles are fled, all his friends afraid, & poore I left alone to supply the teares of all creatures? *O who will giue water to my head, and a fountayne of teares vnto my eyes, that I may weep day and night, and neuer cease weeping.* O my Lord thy griefe was the greatest that euer was in man, and my griefe as great as euer hapned to woman: for my loue hath carued me no small portion of thine, thy losse hath redoubled the torment of my owne, and all creatures seeme to haue made ouer to me theirs, leauing me as the yicgerent of all their sorrow. Sorrow with me at least, thou O Tombe, and thaw into teares you hardest stones. The tyme is now come, that you are licensed to cry, and bound to recompence the silence of your Lords Disciples, of whom he himselfe sayd to the Pharisies, that if they held their peace, the very stones should cry for them. Now therefore sith feare hath locked vp their lips, and sadnesse made them mute, let the stones cry out against the murderers of my Lord, & bewray the robbers of his sacred body.

And I feare that were it well knowne, who hath taken him away, there is no stone so stony, but should haue cause to lament.

It was doubtlesse the spite of some malicious Pharisie, or bloody Scribe, that not contented with those torments, that hee suffered in life ( of which euery one to any other would haue beene a tyrannicall death ) hath now stolne away his dead body, to practise vpon it some sauage cruelty, and to glut their pittlesse eyes, and brutish hearts with the vn-naturall vsage of his helplessse corps. O yee rockes and stones, if euer you must cry out, now it is high tyme, sith the light, the life, and the Lord of the world is thus darkned, massacred, and outragiously misused.

Doth not his tongue, whose truth is infallible, and whose word omnipotent, commanding both windes and seas, and neuer disobeyed of the most insensible creaturs, promise to arme the world, and to make the whole earth to fight against the senselesse persons in defence of the iust? And who more iust then our Lord of iustice? who more senselesse then his barbarous murtherers, whose insatiable thirst of his innocent blood, could not be staunched with their cruel butchering him at his death, vnlesse they proceeded further in this hellish impiety to his dead body, Why then do not all creatures addresse themselves to reuenge so iust a quarrell, vpon so sense-

senselesse wretches, left of all reason, forsaken of humanity, and bereaued of all feeling both of God and man?

O *B. Mary*, why doest thou thus torment thy selte with these tragicall surmises? Doest thou thinke that the Angells would sit still, if there maister were not well? Did they serue him after his fasting, and would they despise him after his deccale? Did they comfort him before he was apprehended, and would none defend him when he was dead? If in the garden he might haue had twelue Legions of them, is his power so quite dead with his body, that he could not now commaund them? Was there an Angell found to help *Daniel* to his dinner, to saue *Toby* from the fish, yea and to defend *Balaams* poore beast from his maysters rage, and is the Lord of Angels of so little reckoning, that if his body stood in need, neuer an Angell would defend it? Thou seest two heere present to honor his Tombe, and how much more carefull would they be to do homage to his person? Beleue not *Mary* that they would smile, if thou haddest such occasion to weep. They would not so gloriously shine in white, if a black and mourning weed did better become them, or were a fitter liuery for their mayster to giue, or them to weare

weare. Yeeld not more to thy vncertain feare  
& deceiued loue, then to their assured know-  
ledge and neuer erring charity. Can a mate-  
riale eye see more then a heavenly spirit, or the  
glimmering of thy twilight giue better ayme  
then the beames of their Eternall Sunne?  
Would they ( thinkest thou ) waite vpon the  
winding sheet, while the corse were abused,  
or be heere for thy comfort, if their Lord did  
need their seruice? No no, he was neither  
any theeues booty, nor Pharises prey, nei-  
ther are the Angells so carelesse of him, as thy  
suspicion presumeth. And if their presence  
& demeanour cannot alter thy conceit, looke  
vpon the cloathes, and they will teach thee  
thine error, and cleare thee of thy doubt.

Would any thiefe thinkest thou haue been  
so religious, as to haue stolne the body and  
left the cloathes; yea, would he haue been so  
venturous, as to haue staid the vnsbrowding  
of the corse, the well ordering of the sheetes  
and folding vp the napkins? Thou knowest  
that myrrh maketh linnen cleaue as fast,  
as pitch or glue: and was a thiefe at so much  
leasure, as to dissolue the myrrh and vncloath  
the dead? what did the watch while the sea-  
les were broken, the Tombe opened, the bo-  
dy vnfolded, all other things ordered as now  
thou

thou seest? And if all this cannot yet perswade thee, belecue at the last thy owne experience. When thy Mayster was stripped at the crosse, thou knowest that his only garment being congealed to his goary back, came not off without many partes of his skin, & doubtlesse would haue torne off many more, if he had bene annointed with myrrh: Looke then into the sheet, whether there remaine any parcell of skin, or any one haire of his head: and sith there is none to be sonnd belecue some better issue of thy maisters absence then thy feare suggesteth. A guilty conscience doubteth want of tyme, and therefore dispatcheth hastily. It is in hazard to be discovered, and therefore practiseth in darknesse & secrecie. It euer worketh in extreme feare, and therefore hath no leysure to place thinges orderly. But to vnwrap so mangled a body, out of myrrhed cloathes, without tearing of any skin or leauing on any mirh, is a thing either to mā impossible or not impossible to be done with such speed, without light or help, and with so good order. Assure thy selfe therefore, that if either of malice, or by fraud, the corse had bene remoued, the linnen and myrrh should neuer haue bene left: and neither could the Angels looke so chearfully, nor the  
cloathes

clothesly so orderly, but to import some happy accident, then thou conceauest.

But to free thee more from feare, consider these wordes of the Angells, *Woman why weepest thou?* For what do they signify, but as much in effect as if they had sayd: Where Angells reioyce, it agreeth not that a woman should weep, and where heavenly eyes are witnesse of ioy, no mortall eye should controule them with testimonyes of sorrow? With more then a manly courage thou didest be- fore thy comming, arme thy feet to runne amongst swordes, thy armes to romoue huge loades, thy body to endure all Tyrants rage, & thy soule to be seuered with violent tortures: & art thou now such a *woman* that thou canst not command thy eyes to forbear teares? If thou wert a true Disciple, so many proofes would perswade thee, but now thy incredulous humour maketh thee vnworthy of that stile; and we can afford thee no better title then a *woman*, and therefore *O woman*, and too much a *woman*, why weepest thou?

If there were any corse, we might thinke that sorrow for the dead enforced thy teares, but now that thou findest it a place of the li- uing, why dost thou heer stand weeping for the dead?



Is our presence so discomfortable that thou shouldest weep to behold vs? Or is it the course of thy kindnesse with teares to entertaine vs? If they be teares of loue to testify thy good will, as thy loue is acknowledged, so let these signes be suppressed. If they be teares of anger to denounce thy displeasure they should not heere haue beene shed where all anger was buryed, but none deserued. If they be teares of sorrow & duty to the dead, they are bestowed in vaine where the dead is reuiued. If they be teares of ioy stilled from the flowers of thy good Fortune, fewer of these would suffice, and fitter were other tokens to expresse thy contentment. And therefore *O woman why dost thou weep?* Would our eyes be so drye, if such eye-streames were be-hooue full? Yea would not the heauens raine teares if thy supposalls were truths? Did not Angels alwayes in their visible semblances, represent their Lords inuisible pleasure, shadowing their shapen in the drift of his intentions? When God was incensed they brandished swordes: when he was appeased, they sheathed them in scabbards: When he would defend, they resembled souldiers: when he would terrify, they tooke terrible formes: & when he would comfort, they carryed mirth  
in



in their eyes, sweetnes in their countenance, mildnes in their wordes, fauour, grace and comelinesse in their whole presence. VVhy then doest thou weep, seeing vs to reioyce? Doest thou imagine vs to degenerate from our nature, or to forget any duty, whose state is neither subiect to change, nor capable of the least offence? Art thou more feruent in thy loue, or more priuy to the counsaile of our eternall God, then we that are dayly attendants at his throne of glory? O woman deem not amisse against so apparant euidence, and at our request exchange thy sorrow for our ioy.

But O glorious Angells, why do yee moue her to ioy, if you know why she weepeth? Alas she weepeth for the losse of him without whome all ioy is to her but matter of new griefe. While he liued, euery place where she found him, was to her a paradife: euery season wherein he was enioyed, a perpetuall spring: euery exercise wherein he was serued a speciall felicity: the ground whereon he went seemed to yeild her sweeter footing, the ayre wherein he breathed, became to her spirit of life, being once sanctified in his sacred brest. In summe, his presence brought with it a heauen of delights, and his departure seemed

med to leaue an Eclipse in all thinges. And yet euen the places that he had once honoured with the acceſſe of his perſon, were to her ſo many ſweet Pilgrimages, which in his abſence ſhe vſed as chappells & altars, to offer vp her prayers, feeling in them long after, the vertue of his former preſence. And therefore to feed her with coniectures of his wel being, is but to ſtrengthen her feare of his euill; and the alleaging of likelihoods, by thoſe that know the certainty; importeth the caſe to be ſo lamentable; that they are vnwilling it ſhould be knowne. Your obſcure glancing at the truth, is no ſufficient acquittance of her griefe, neither can ſhe out of theſe diſioyned gheſſes ſpell the wordes that muſt be the con- cluſion of her complaint. Tell heer then directly what is become of her Lord, if you mean to deliuer her out of theſe dumps, ſith what els ſoeuer you ſay of him, doth but draw more humours to her ſore, and rather anger it, then any way aſſwage it.

Yet hearken O B. *Mary*, and conſider their ſpeeches. Thinke what anſwere thou wilt giue them, ſith they preſſe thee with ſo ſtrong perſuaſions. But I doubt that thy wits are ſmothered with too thicke a miſt, to admit theſe vnknowne beames of their pale light.

light. Thou art so wholly inherited by the bloudy tragedy of thy slaughtered Lord, and his death and dead body haue gotten so absolute a conquest ouer all thy powers, that neither thy sense can discern, nor thy mind conceaue any other object then his murdered corse.

Thy eyes seeme to tell thee that euery thing inuitedh thee to weep, carrying such outward shew, as though all that thou seest were attyred in sorrow to solemnize with generall consent the funerall of thy maister. Thy eares perswade thee, that al soundes and voyces are turned to mourning notes, and that the Echo of thy owne wailings, is the crye of the very stones and trees, as though (the cause of thy teares being so vnusuall) God to the rocks and woodes had inspired a feeling of thine, and their common losse. And therefore is soundeth to thee as a strang question, to aske thee why thou weepest, sith all that thou seest and hearest, seemeth to induce thee, yea to enforce thee to weep.

If thou seest any thing that beareth a colour of mirth, it is vnto thee like the rich spoiles of a vanquished kingdome, in the eye of the captiue Prince, which put him in mind what he had, not what he hath, and are but

vpbraidings of his lollie, and whetstones of sharper sorrow. Whatsoeuer thou hearest, that mouerh delight, it representeth the misse of thy Masters speaches, which as they were the only harmony that thy eares affected; so they being now stopped with deathfull silence, all other wordes and tunes of comfort are to thee but an *Israelitis* musicke vpon *Babylon* bankes, memories of a lost felicity, and proofs of a present unhappines. And though loue increase the conceit of thy losse which endereth the meanest things, and doubleth the estimate of things that are precious: yet thy faith teaching thee the infinite dignity of thy Maister, and thy vnderstanding being no dull scholler to learne so wel liked a lesson, it fell to be the bitter part of thy misery, that thou didst so wel know how infinite the losse was that made thee miserable.

This is the cause that those very Angells in whome all things make remonstrance of triumph and solace, are vnto thee occasions of new grief. For their gracious and louely countenances remember thee, that thou hast lost the beauty of the world, and the highest marke of true loues ambition. Their sweet lookes and amiable feature tell thee, that the heauen of thy eyes which was the reuerend  
maiesty

maiesty of thy maisters face, once shined with farre more pleasing graces, but is now disfigured with the dreadful formes of death. In summe, they were to thee, like the glittering sparks of a broken Diamond, and like pictures of death and decayed beautyes, signes not salues of thy calamity, memorialls not medicines of thy misfortune.

Thy eyes were too well acquainted with the truth, to accept a supply of shaddowes: & as comelynesse, comfort, and glory were neuer in any other so truly at home, and so perfectly in their prime, as in the person and speeches of thy Lord: so cannot thy thoughts but be like strangers in any forraine delights. For in them all thou seest no more, but some scattered crumes, and hungry morsels of thy late plentifull banquets, and findest a dim reflexion of thy former light, which like a flash of lightning, in a close and stormy night, serueth thee, but to see thy present infelicity, & the horreur of the ensuing darknes.

Thou thinkest therefore thy selfe blamelesse, both in weeping for thy losse, and in refusing other comfort. Yet in common courtesy afford these Angells an answer, sith their charity in visiting thee, deserueth much more, and thou (if not too yngratefull) canst

allow them no leile.

Alas (sayth she) what needeth my answer, where the misery it selfe speaketh, and the losse is manifest? My eyes haue answered the with teares, my brest with sighs, & my hart with throbs: what need I also punish my tongue, or wound my soule with a new re-hearfall of so dolefull a mischance? *They haue taken away* (o vnfortunate word) *They haue taken away my Lord.*

*O afflicted woman*, why thinkest thou this word so vnfortunate? It may be the Angells haue taken him, more solemnely to entombe him, & sith earth hath done her last homage, happily the Quires of heauen are also descended to defray vnto him their funerail duties.

It may be that the *Centurion* & the rest, that did acknowledge him on the crosse to be the Son of God, haue been touched with remorse, and goared with the pricke of conscience, and being desirous to satisfy for their heinous offence, haue now taken him, more honorably to interre him, and by their seruice to his body sought forgiuenesse, & sued the pardon of their guilty foules.

Peraduenture some secret Disciples, haue wrought this exployt, and maugre the watch taken him from hence, with due honour to  
 preserue

preserue him in some sifter place, and therefore being yet vncertayne who hath him, there is no such cause to lament, sith the greater probabilities march on the better side. Why doest thou call sorrow before it commeth, which without calling commeth on thee too fast? yea why doest thou create sorrow where it is not, sith thou hast true sorrowes inough, though imagined sorrowes help not? It is folly to suppose the worst where the best may be hoped for, and euery mishap bringeth grief inough with it, though we with our feares, do not go first to meet it. Quiet then thy selfe, till time try out the truth, & it may be thy feare will proue greater then thy misfortune.

But I know thy loue is little helped with this lesson: for the more it loneth, the more it feareth: and the more desirous to enjoy, the more doubtfull it is to loose. It neyther hath measures in hopes, nor meane in feares: hoping the best vpon the least surmises, and fearing the worst vpon the weakest groundes. And yet both fearing and hoping at one tyme neyther feare withholdeth hope from the highest attempts, nor hope can strengthen feare against the smallest suspicions: but maugre all feares, loues hope will mount to



the highest pitch, and inaugre all hopes, loues  
 feare will stoupe to the lowest downcome.  
 To bid thee therefore hope, is not to forbid  
 thee to feare, & though it may be for the best  
 that thy Lord is taken from thee, yet, sith it  
 may also be for the worst, that will neuer  
 content thee.

Thou thinkest hope doth inough to keepe  
 thy heart from breaking, and feare little in-  
 ough to force thee to no more then weeping,  
 sith it is as likely that he hath byn taken away  
 vpon hatred by his enemies, as vpon loue by  
 his friends.

For hitherto (sayst thou) his friends haue  
 all fayled him, and his foes preuayled against  
 him: & as they that would not defend him a-  
 liue, are lesse likely to regard him dead: so they  
 that thought one life too tittle to take from  
 him, are not vnlikely after death to wreake  
 new rage vpon him.

And though this doubt were not, yet who-  
 soeuer hath taken him, hath wronged me, in  
 not acquainting me with it: for to take away  
 mine without my consent, can neyther be of-  
 fered without iniury, nor suffred without sor-  
 row. And as for Iesus, he was my Iesus, my  
 Lord, and my Maister. He was mine because  
 he was giuen vnto me, and borne for me: he

was



was the author of my being, and so my father; he was the worker of my well doing, and therefore my Saviour; he was the price of my ransome, and thereby my redeemer. He was my Lord to commaund me, my maister to instruct me, my Pastor to feed me. He was mine because his loue was mine, and when he gaue me his loue he gaue me himselfe, sith loue is no gift except the giuer be giuen with it; yea it is no loue, vnlesse it be as liberall of that it is, as of that it hath. Finally, if the meat be mine that I eat, the life mine wherewith I liue, or he mine, all whole life, labours, and death were mine; then dare I boldly say that Iesus is mine, sith on his body I feed, by his loue I liue, and to my good without any need of his owne, hath he liued, laboured, and died. And therefore though his Disciples, though the *Centurion*, yea though the Angels haue taken him, they haue done me wrong in defeating me of my right, sith I neuer meane to resigne my interest.

But what if he hath taken away himself, wilt thou also lay vniustice to his charge? Though he be thine, yet thine to commaund, not to obay; thy Lord to dispose of thee, and not to be by thee disposed: and therefore as it is no reason that the seruant should be maister  
of

of his maisters secrets, so might he, and perad-  
uēture so hath he remoued without acquaint-  
ing thee whither, reuiuing himself with the  
same power, with which he raised thy dead  
brother, and fullfilling the words, that he of-  
ten vttered of his resurrection.

It may be thou wilt say, that a gift once  
giuen, cannot be reuoked, & therefore though  
it were before in his choise, not to giue him-  
selfe vnto thee, yet the deed of gift being once  
made, he cannot be taken from thee, neyther  
can the giuer dispose of his gift without the  
possessors priuity. And sith this is a rule in the  
law of nature, thou maist imagine it a breach  
of equity, and an impeachment of the right  
to conuey himselfe away without thy con-  
sent.

But to this I will answere thee with  
thine owne ground. For if he be thine by be-  
ing giuen thee once, thou art his by as many  
giftes, as dayes, and therefore he being abso-  
lute owner of thee, is likewise full owner of  
whatsoeuer is thine, & consequently because  
he is thine, he is also his owne, & so nothing  
liable vnto thee, for taking himselfe from  
thee.

Yea, but he is my Lord (saieſt thou) and  
in this respect, bound to keep me, at the least  
bound

bound not to kill me: and sith killing is nothing but a seuering of life from the body, he being the chiefe life both of my soule and body, cannot possibly go from me, but he must with a double death kill me. And therefore he being my Lord, and bound to protect his seruant, it is against all lawes that I should be thus forsaken.

But O cruell tongue, why pleadest thou thus against him, whose case I feare me is so pittifull, that it might rather moue all tongues to plead for him, being peraduenture in their handes, whose vnmercifull harts, make themselues merry with his misery, and build the triumphes of their impious victory, vpon the dolefull ruines of his disgraced glory? And now (O grieffe) because I know not where he is, I cannot imagine how to help, for they haue taken him away, and I know not where they haue put him.

Alas B. Mary, why doest thou consume thy selfe with these cares? His Father knoweth and he will help him. The Angells know and they will guard him. His owne soule knoweth and that will assist him. And what need then is there, that thou silly woman shouldest know it, that canst no way profit him? But I feele in what veine thy pulse beateth,

ten, and by thy desire I discouer thy disease. Though both heauen and earth did know it, and the whole world had notice of it, yet except thou also wert made priuie vnto it; thy woes would be as great, and thy teares as many. That others see the Suane, doth not lighten thy darkenesse, neyther can others eating satisfie thy hunger. The more there be that know of him, the greater is thy sorrow, that amongst so many thou art not thought worthy to be one. And the more there be that may help him, the more it grieueth thee that thy poore help is not accepted amongst them. Though thy knowledge needeth not, thy loue doth desire it, and though it auaille not, thy desire will seeke it. If all know it, thou wouldest know it with all: if no other, thou wouldest know it alone, and from whome soeuer it be concealed, it must be no secret to thee. Though the knowledge would discomfort thee, yet know it thou wilt, yea though it would kill thee, thou couldest not forbear it.

Thy Lord to thy loue is like drinke to the thirsty, which if they cannot haue, they dye for drouth; and being long without it, they pine away with longing. And as men in extremity of thirst are still dreaming of fountaynes,

taynes, brookes, and springs, being neuer able to haue other thought, or to viter other word but of drinke and moysture: so louers in the vehemēcy of their passion, can neither thinke nor speake but of that they loue; and if that be once missing, euery part is both an eye to watch, and an eare to listen, what hope or newes may be had of it. If it be good they dye till they heare it, though bad, yet they cannot liue without it. Of the good they hope that it is the very best, & of the euill they feare it to be the worst; and yet though neuer so good they pine till it be told, and be it neuer so euill, they are importunate to know it. And when they once know it, they can neyther beare the ioy, nor brooke the sorrow, but as well the one as the other is inough to kill them.

And this O B. Mary, I ghesse to be the cause why the Angells would not tell thee thy Lords estate. For if it had bene to thy liking, thou wouldst haue dyed for ioy, if otherwise thou wouldst haue sunck downe for sorrow. And therefore they leaue this newes for him to deliuer, whose word if it giue thee a wound, is also a salue to cure it, though neuer so deadly.

But alas afflicted Soule, why doth it so deeply greiue thee, that thou knowest not  
where

where he is? Thou canst not better him if he be well, thou canst as little succour him if he be ill: and sith thou fearest that he is rather ill then well, why wouldst thou know it so to end thy hopes in mishap, and thy great feares in farre greater sorrowes? Alas to aske thee why, is in a manner to aske one halfe starued why he is hungry. For as thy Lord is the food of thy thoughts, the reliefe of thy wishes, the only repast of all thy desires: so is thy loue a continuall hunger, and his absence vnto thee an extreame famine. And therefore no maruell though thou art so greedy to hear yeate deuour any be it neuer so bitter notice of him, sith thy hunger is most violent, and nothing but he able to content it. And albeit the hearing of his harmes should worke the same in thy mind, that vnwholsome meate worketh in a sicke stomacke: yet if it once concerne him that thou louest, thy hungry loue could not temper it selfe from it, though after with many wringing gripes, it did a long and vnpleasant pennance.

But why doth thy sorrow question so much vpon the place where he is? were it not inough for thee to know who had him, but that thou must also know in what place he is bestowed? A worse place then a graue no

man

man will offer, and many tarre better, many titles will allow: and therefore thou maist boldly thinke, that wheresoeuer he be, he is in a place fitter for him then where he was.

Thy sister *Martha* confessed him to be the Sonne of God, & with her confession agreed thy beliefe. And what place more conuenient for the Sonne, then to be with his Father, the businesse for which he hath beene so long from him, being now fully finished?

If he be the *Messias*, as thou didst once belecue, it was sayd of him, *That he should ascend on high, and lead our captivity captiue*. And what is this height but heauen, what our captivity but death? Death therefore is become his captiue, and it is like that with the spoiles thereof he is ascended in triumph to eternall life.

But if thou canst not lift thy mind to so fauourable a beliefe, yet maist thou very wel suppose that he is in Paradise. For if he came to repaire *Adams* ruines, and to be the common parent of our redemption, as *Adam* was of our originall infection: reason seemeth to requite, that hauing indured all his life the penalty of *Adams* exile, he should after death re-enter possession of that inheritance which *Adam* lost: that the same place that was the nest where sinne was first hatched, may be



now the childbed of grace and mercy. And if sorrow at the crosse did not make thee as deafe, as at the tombe it maketh thee forgetfull, thou didst in confirmation heereof heare himselte say to one of the theeves, that the same day he should be with him in Paradise. And if it be reason that no shadow should be more priuiledged then the body, no figure in more account then the figured truth; why shouldest thou beleue that *Elias* & *Enoch* haue beene in Paradise these many ages, and that he whome they but as types resembled, should be excluded from thence? He excelled them in life, he surpassed them in miracles, he was far beyond them in dignity: Why then should not his place be farre aboue, or at the least equall with theirs, sith their prerogatiues were so farre inferiour vnto his?

And yet if the basenes and misery of his passions, haue layd him so low in thy conceite, that thou thinkest Paradise too high a place to be likely to haue him: the very lowest roome that any reason can assigne him, cannot be meaner then the bosome of *Abraham*: & sith God in his life did so often acknowledge him for his Sonne, it seemeth the slenderest preheminence, that he can giue him aboue other men, that being his holy One, he should not



*in his body see corruption*, but be free amongst the dead, reposing both in body and soule, where other saints are in soule only. Let not therefore the place where he is, trouble thee, sith it cannot be worse then his graue, and infinite coniectures make probability that it cannot but be better.

But suppose that he were yet remayning in earth, & taken by others out of his Tombe what would it auaille thee to know where he were? If he be with such as loue and honour him, they will be as wary to keep him, as they are loath he should be lost: and therefore will either often change, or neuer confesse the place, knowing secrecy to be the surest locke to defend so great a treasure. If those haue taken him, that malice and maligne him, thou maist well indge him past thy recovery, whē he is once in possession of so cruell owners.

Thou wouldest happily make sale of thy liuing, & seeke him by ransome. But it is not likely they would sel him to be honoured, that bought him to be murdered.

If price would not serue, thou wouldest fall to prayer: but how can prayer soften such flinty harts? And if they skorned so many teares offered for his life, as little will they regard thy intreaty for his corse.

If neither price nor prayer would preuaile, thou wouldst attempt it by force. But alas silly souldier, thy armes are too weake to manage weapons, and the issue of thy assault would be the losse of thy selfe.

If no other way would help, thou wouldest purloine him by stealth, and think thy selfe happy in contriuing such a theft. O *B. Mary*, thou art deceaued, for malice will haue many lockes, and to steale him from a thiefe, that could steale him from the watch, requireth more cunning in the art, then thy want of practise can afford thee.

Yet if these be the causes that thou inquirest of the place, thou shewest the force of thy rare affection, and deseruest the Lawrell of a perfect louer.

But to feele more of their sweetnesse, I will pound these spices, and dwell a while in the perusall of thy resolute seruour.

And first, can thy loue enrich thee when thy goods are gone, or a dead corse repay the value of thy ransom? Because he had neither bed to be borne in, no graue to be buried in, wilt thou therefore rather be poore with him then rich without him?

Againc if thou hadst to sue to some cruell Scribe or Pharisee, that is, to a hart boyling in rancor,

rancor, with a hart burning in loue, for a thing, of him aboue all things detested, of thee aboue all things desired, as his enemy to whome thou suest, and his friend for whome thou intreatest; canst thou thinke it possible for this sute to speed? Could thy loue repaire thee from his rage, or such a tyrant stoupe to a womans teares?

Thirdly, if thy Lord might be recouered by violence, art thou so armed in complete loue, that thou thinkest it sufficient harness? or doth thy loue endue thee with such a *Indithes* spirit, or lend thee such *Sampsons* lockes, that thou canst breake open huge gates, or foyle whole armies? Is thy loue so sure a shield that no blow can breake it, or so sharp a dint, that no force can withstand it? Can it thus alter sexe, change nature, and exceed all Art?

But of all other courses, wouldst thou aduenture a theft to obtaine thy desire? A good deed must be well done, & a worke of mercy without breach of iustice. It were a sinne to steale a prophane treasure, but to steale an anointed Prophet can be no lesse then a sacrifice. And what greater staine to thy Lord, to his doctrine, and to thy selfe, then to see thee his Disciple publicly executed for an open theft?

O B. *Mary*, vnlesse thy loue haue better warrant then common sense, I can hardly see how such designments can be approued.

Approued (sayth she) I would to God the execution were as easy as the prooffe, and I should not long bewaile my vnfortunat losse.

To others it seemeth ill to preferre loue before riches, but to loue it seemeth worse to preferre any thing before it selfe. Cloath him with plates of siluer that shiuereth for cold, or fill his purse with treasure that pineth for hunger, & see whether the plates will warme him, or the treasure feed him: No no, he will giue vs all his plates for a wollen garment, & all his money for a meales meate. Euery supply fitteth not with euery need, and the loue of so sweet a Lord hath no correspondence in worldly wealth. Without him I were poore, though Empresse of the world. With him I were rich, though I had nothing els. They that haue most are acounted richest, & they are thought to haue most, that haue al they desire: and therefore as in him alone is the vtermost of my desires, so he alone is the summe of all my substance. It were too happy an exchange to haue God for goods, and too rich a poverty to enioy the only treasure of the world. If I were so fortunate a beggar, I would dis-  
daine

daine *Salomons* wealth, and my loue being so highly enriched, my life should neuer complaine of want.

And if all I am worth would not reach to his rancome, what should hinder me to seeke him by intreaty? Though I were to sue to the greatest Tyrant, yet the equity of my sute is more then halfe a grant. If many drops soften the hardest stones, why should not many teares supple the most stony harts? What anger so fiery that may not be quenched with eye-water, such a weeping suppliant rebateth the edge of more then a Lyons fury? My sute it selfe would sue for me, & so dolesfull a case would quicken pittie in the most yron hart. But suppose that by touching a rancled sore, my touch should anger it, and my petition as the first incense him that heard it: he would percase reuile me in words, and then his own iniury would recoyle with remorse, and be vnto me a patron to proceed in my request. And if he should accompany his words with blowes, and his blowes with wounds, it may be my stripes would smart in his guilty mind, & his conscience bleed in my bleeding woundes, and my innocent blood so intender his Adamant hart, that his owne inward feelings would plead my cause, and peraduenture

ture obtaine my lute.

But it through extremity of spight, he should happen to kill me, his offence might easily redound to my felicity. For he would be as carefull to hide whome he had vniu'tly murdered, as him whome he had feloniously stolne; and so it is like, that he would hide me in the same place where he had layd my Lord and as he hated vs both for one cause, him for calling, and me for acknowledging that he was the Messias: so would he vie vs both after one manner. And thus what comfort my body wanted, my soule should enioy in seeing a part of my selfe patterne of my Masters misery: with whome to be miserable, I reckon a higher fortune, then without him to be most happy.

And if no other meane would serue to recover him but force: I see no reason why it might not very well become me? None will barre me from defending my life which the least worm in the right of nature hath leaue to preserve. And sith he is to me so deare a life that without him, all life is death, nature authorizeth my feeble forces to imploy their uttermost in so necessary an attempt. Necessity addeth ability, and loue doubleth necessity, and it often happeneth, that nature armed with

With loue, and pressed with need, exceedeth  
it selfe in might and surmounteth all hope in  
successe. And as the equity of the cause doth  
breath courage into the defenders, making  
them the more willing to fight, and the lesse  
vnwilling to die: so guilty consciences are  
euer timorous, still starting with suddaine  
frights, and afraid of their owne suspitions,  
ready to yield before the assault, vpon distrust  
of their cause, and despaire of their defence.  
Sith therefore to rescue an innocent, to recouer  
a right, and to redresse so deep a wrong, is so  
iust a quarell: nature will enable me, loue en-  
courage me, grace confirme me, and the iudge  
of all iustice fight in my behalfe.

And if it seeme vnfitting to my sexe in  
talke, much more in practise to deale with  
martiall affaires: yet when such a case hap-  
neth as neuer had patterne, such effectes must  
follow as are without example. There was  
neuer any body of a God but one, neuer such  
a body stolne but now, neuer such a stealth  
vnreueged but this. Sith therefore the An-  
gells neglect it, and men forget it, O Iudith  
lend me thy prowesse, for I am bound to re-  
gard it.

But suppose that my force were vnable to  
win him by an open enterprize, what scruple

ple should keepe me from seeking him by secret meanes? yea and by playne health, it will be thought a sinne; & condemned for a theft. O sweet sinne, why was not I the first that did commit thee? Why did I suffer any other sinner to preuent me? For stealing from God his honour I was called a sinner, and vnder that title was spread my infamy. But for stealing God from a false owner, I was not worthy to be called a sinner, because it had beene too high a glory. If this be so great a sinne, and so heinous a theft, let others make choite of what titles they will: but for my part, I would refuse to be an Angell, I would not wish to be a Saint, I would neuer be esteemed eyther iust or true, and I should be best contented if I might both liue and dye such a sinner, and be condemned for such a theft. When I heard my Lord make so comfortable a promise to the thiefe vpon the crosse, that hee should that day be with him in Paradise, I had halfe an enuy at that thieffes good fortune and wished my selfe in the thieffes place, so I might haue enjoyed the fruit of his promise. But if I could be so happy a thiefe, as to commit this theft, if that wish had taken effect, I would now vawith it againe, and scorne to be any other thiefe then my selfe, with my bo-  
ry



ty could make me happyer, then any other thieftes felicity. And what though my felony should be called in question, in what respect should I need to feare? They would say that I loued him too well. But that were soone disproued, sith where the worthinesse is infinite, no loue can be inough. They would obiekt that I stole another goods: and as for that, many sure titles of my interest would auerre him to be mine, and his dead coarce would rather speake, then witnesse should sayle to depose so certayne a truth. And if I had not a special right vnto him, what should moue me to venture my life for him? No no, if I were so happy a fellow, I should feare no temporall arraignment. I should rather feare that the Angels would cite me to my answer for preventing them in the theft, sith not the highest Seraphim in heaven, but would deeme it a higher stile, then his owne, to be the thiefe that had committed so glorious a robbery.

But alas, thus stand I deuising what I would doe, if I knew any thing of him, and in the meane tyme I neyther know who hath him, nor where they haue bestowed him, and still I am forced to dwell in this answer, that *They haue taken away my Lord, and I know not where*

where they haue put him.

While Mary thus lost her selfe in a Labyrinth of doubts, watering her wordes with teares, and warming them with sighs, seeing the Angells with a kind of reuerence rise, as though they had done honour to one behind her: *She turned backe, and shee saw Iesus standing, but that it was Iesus she knew not.*

O Mary, is it possible that thou hast forgotten Iesus? Faith hath written him in thy vnderstanding, loue in thy will, both feare and hope in thy memory; and how can all these registers be so cancelled, that so playnly seeing, thou shouldest not know the contents? For him onely thou tirest thy feete, thou bendest thy knes, thou wringest thy hands. For him thy heart throbbeeth, thy brest sigheth, thy tongue complayneth. For him thy eye weepeth, thy thought sorroweth, thy whole body fayneth, and thy soule languisheth. In summe, there is no part in thee, but is busie about him, and notwithstanding all this, hast thou now forgotten him? His countenance auoucheth it, his voice assureth it, his wounds witnes it, thy owne eyes behold it, and doest thou not yet beleene that this is Iesus? Are thy sharpe seeing eyes become so weake sighted, that they are dazled with the Sunne, & blinded

ded with the light?

But there is such a shower of teares betweene thee and him, and thy eyes are so dimmed with weeping for him, that though thou seest the shape of a man, yet thou canst not discern him. Thy cares allso are still so possessed with the dolefull Echo of his last speeches, which want of breath made him utter in a dying voice, that the force & lowdnes of his liuing wordes, maketh thee imagine it the voyce of a stranger: and therefore as hee seemeth vnto thee so like a stranger, he asketh this question of thee, *O woman why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?*

O desire of the hart, and only ioy of her soule, why demandest thou why she weepeth, or for whome she seeketh? But a while since she saw thee her only hope hanging on a tree, with thy head full of thornes, thy eyes full of teares, thy cares full of blasphemies, thy mouth full of gall, thy whole person mangled and disfigured, and dost thou aske her why she weepeth? Scarce three dayes past, she beheld thy armes and legs racked with violent puls, thy hands and feet boared with nails, thy side wounded with a speare, thy whole body torne with stripes and goared in bloud, and dost thou her only griefe aske her  
why

why she weepeth? She beheld thee vpon the crosse with many teares, and most lamentable cries, yeelding vp her ghost, that is thy owne ghost, and alas askest thou why she weepeth? And now to make vp her misery, hauing but one hope aliue, which was, that for a small reliefe of her other afflictions, she might haue annointed thy body, that hope is also dead, since thy body is remoued, and she now standeth hopelesse of a help, and demandest thou why she weepeth, and for whom she seeketh? Full well thou knowest, that thee only she desireth, thee only she loueth, all thinges besides thee she contemneth, and canst thou find in thy hart to aske her whome she seeketh? To what end, O sweet Lord, doest thou thus suspend her longinges, prolong her desires, and martyr her with these tedious delayes? Thou only art the fortresse of her faint faith, the anker of her wauering hope, the very center of her vehement loue: to thee she trusteth, vpon thee she relieth, & of her selfe she wholly despaireth. She is so earnest in seeking thee, that she can neyther seeke, nor thinke any other thing: and all her wits are so busied in musing vpon thee, that they draw all attention from her senses, wherewith they should discern thee. Being therefore so attentive

time to that she thinketh, what marvel though she mark not whome she seeth; and sith thou hast so perfect notice of her thought, and she so little power to discover thee by sense, why demandest thou for whome she seeketh, or why she weepeth? Dost thou looke that she should answer, For thee I seeke, or for thee I weep? vnlesse thou wilt vnbind her thoughts that her eyes may fully see thee, or while thou wilt be concealed, dost thou expect that she should be able to know thee?

But O B. Mary, not without cause doth he ask thee this question. Thou wouldst haue him aliue, and yet thou weepest because thou dost not find him dead. Thou art sory that he is not heere, and for this very cause thou shouldst rather be glad. For if he were dead, it is most likly he should be heere, but not being heere, it is a signe that he is aliue. He reioyceth to be out of his graue, and thou weepest because he is not in it. He will not lie any where, and thou sorrowest for not knowing where he lieth. Alas why bewailest thou his glory, as an iniury: the reuiuing of his body as the robbery of his corse? He being aliue, for what dead man mournest thou; and he being present whose absence dost thou lament? *But she taking him to be a Gardener, sayd*

unto him, O Lord, if thou hast carried him from hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.

O wonderfull effects of B. *Maries* loue, if loue be languor, how liueth she by it? If loue be her life, how dieth she in it? If it bereaued her of sense, how did she see the Angells? If it quickened her sense, why knew she not Iesus? Dost thou seeke for one, whome when thou hast found thou knowst not, or if thou dost know him when thou findest him, why dost thou seeke when thou hast him?

Behould Iesus is come, and the party whome thou seekest, is he that talketh with thee. O B. *Mary* call vp thy wits, and open thine eyes. Hath thy Lord liued so long, laboured so much, died with such paine, and shed such showres of bloud, to come to no higher preferment then to be a Gardener? And hast thou bestowed such cost, so much sorrow, & so many teares, for no better man then a silly Gardener? Alas is the sory Gardener the best inheritance, that thy loue can afford him, or a gardeners office the highest dignity that thou wilt allow him? It had been better he had liued to haue beene Lord of thy castle, then with his death so dearly to haue bought so small a purchase.

But

But thy mistaking hath in it a further mystery. Thou thinkest not amiss though thy sight be deceaved. For as our first Father, in the state of grace, and innocency, was placed in the Garden of pleasure, & the first office allotted him, was to be a Gardener: so the first man that euer was in glory, appeareth first in a Garden, and presenteth himselfe in a Gardeners likenes, that the beginning of glory, might resemble the entrance of innocency & grace. And as a Gardener was the foile of mankind, the parent of sinne, & author of death: so is the Gardener the rayser of our ruines, the ransome of our offence, and the restorer of life. In a Garden *Adam* was deceaved, and taken captiue by the diuel. In a Garden Christ was betraied and taken prisoner by the Iewes. In a garden *Adam* was condemned to eare his bread with the sweat of his browes. And after a free gift of the bread of Angels in the last supper in a Garden, Christ did eare it vs with a bloody sweat of his whole body. By disobedient eating the fruit of a tree, our right to that Garden was by *Adam* forfeited, and by the obedient death of Christ vpon a tree, a farre better right is now recovered. When *Adam* had sinned in the garden of pleasure, he was there apparelled in dead beastes  
I skins,



skins, that his garment might betoken h<sup>e</sup>'s graue, and his liuery of death agree with his condemnatiō to dye. And now to defraie the debt of that sinne, in this Garden Christ lay clad in the dead mans shrowd, and buried in his Tombe, that as our harmes began, so they might end; and such places and meanes as were the premises to our misery, might be also the conclusions of our misfortune. For this did Christ in the Canticles inuite vs to a heauenly banquet, after he was come into his Garden, and had reaped his mirrh, and his spice, to forewarne vs of the ioy, that after this haruest should presently ensue, namely when hauing sowed in this Garden, a body the mortality whereof was signified by those spices, he now reaped the same, neither capable of death, nor subiect to corruption. For this also was B. Mary permitted to mistake, that we might be informed of the mystery, and see how aptly the course of our redemption did answer the proccesse of our condemnation.

But though he be the Gardiner that hath planted the tree of grace, and restored vs to the vse & eating of the fruits of life: Though it be he that soweth his gifts in our soules, quickning in vs the seedes of vertue, and rooting



ting out of vs the weedes of sinne: yet is he neuerthelesse the same I & s v s he was, & the borrowed presence of a meane labourer, neither altereth his person, nor diminisheth his right to his diuine titles.

Why then canst thou not as well see what in truth he is, as what in shew he seemeth, but because thou seest more then thou didst beleue, and findest more then thy fayth serued thee to seeke: and for this though thy loue was worthy to see him, yet thy faith was vnworthy to know him. Thou didst seeke for him as dead, and therefore dost not know him seeing him aliue, and because thou beleeuest not of him as he is, thou dost only see him as he seemeth to be.

I cannot say thou art faultlesse, sith thou art so lame in thy beleefe: but thy fault deserueth fauour, because thy charity is so great, & therefore, o mercifull Iesu, giue me leaue to excuse whome thou art minded to forgiue.

She thought to haue found thee, as she left thee, and she sought thee as she did last see thee, being so ouercome with sorrow for thy death, that she had neither roome nor respice in her mind, for any hope of thy life; and being so deeply interr'd in the griefe of thy burial, that she could not raise her thoughts to

any conceit of thy Relurrection.

For in the graue where *S. Ioseph* buried thy body, *B. Mary* together with it entombed her soule, and so straitly combined it with thy corse, that she could with more ease seuer her soule from her owne body that liueth by it, then from thy dead body, with which her loue did bury it: for it is more thyne and in thee, then her owne in her selfe: and therefore in seeking thy body, she seeketh her own soule, as with the losse of the one, she also lost the other. What maruell then though sense faile, when the soule is lost, sith the lanterne must needs be darke when the light is out?

Restore vnto her therefore her soule that lyeth imprisoned in thy body, and she will soone both recouer her sense, and discouer her error. For alas, it is no error, that proceedeth of any will to erre, and it ryseth as much of vehemency of affection, as of default in sayth. Regard not the error of a woman, but the loue of a Disciple, which supplieth in it selfe what in sayth it wanteth.

O Lord (sayth she) If thou hast carryed him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.

O how learned is her ignorance, and how

how skillfull her error? She charged not the Angells with thy remoouing, nor seemed to mistrust them for carrying thee away, as though that her loue had taught her, that their help was needlesse, where the thing removed was remouer of it selfe. She did not request the to informe her where thou wert laid, as if she had reserued that questiō for thy selfe to answer. But now she iudgeth thee so likely to be the author of her losse, that halfe supposing thee guilty, she sueth a recovery, & desireth thee to tell her where the body is, as almost fully perswaded that thou art as priuy to the place, as well acquainted with the action. So that if she be not altogether right, she is not very much wrong, and she erreth with such ayme, that she very little misseth the truth. Tell her therefore, O Lord, what thou hast done with thy selfe, sith it is fittest for thy owne speech to vtter, that which was only possible for thy owne power to performe.

But O B. *Mary*, sithence thou art so desirous to know where thy Iesus is, why dost thou not name him, when thou askest for him? Thou saydst to the Angells that they had taken away thy Lord, and now the second tyme thou askest for him. Are thy thoughts so

visible, as at thy only presence to be scene; or so generall, that they possesse all when they are once in thee? When thou speakest of him, what Him dost thou meane, or how can a stranger vnderstand thee when thou talkest of thy Lord? Hath the world no other Lords but thine? Or is the demanding by no other name but (him) a sufficient notice for whom thou demaundest?

But such is the nature of thy loue, thou iudgeth that no other should be intituled a Lord, sith the whole world is too litle for thy Lordes possession, and that those few creatures that are, cannot choose but know him, sith all the creatures of the world are too few to serue him. And as his worthines can appay all loners, and his only loue content all harts, so thou deemest him to be so well worthy to be owner of all thoughts, that no thought in thy conceit, can be well bestowed vpon any other.

Yet thy speeches seeme more suddaine then sound, and more peremptory, then well pondered. Why dost thou say so resolutely without any further circumstance, that if this Gardener haue taken him, thou wilt take him from him? If he had him by right, in taking him away, thou shouldest do him wrong.

wrong. If thou supposedst he wrongfully tooke him, thou layest theft to his charge, and howsoeuer it be, thou either condemnest thy selfe for an vsurper, or him for a thiefe. And is this an effect of thy zealous loue, first to abase him from a God to a Gardener, & now to degrade him from a Gardener to a thiefe?

Thou shouldst also haue considered whether he tooke him vpon loue or malice. If it were for loue, thou maist assure thy selfe that he wil be as wary to keep, as he was ventrous to get him, & therfore thy pollicy was weake in saying, thou wouldst take him away, before thou knewest where he was, sith none is so simple to bewray their treasure to a known thiefe. If he tooke him of malice, thy offer to recouer him, is an open defiance, sith malice is as obstinate in defending, as violent in offering wrong, and he that would be cruell against thy maisters dead body, is likely to be more furious against his liuing disciple.

But thy loue had no leasure to cast so many doubts. Thy teares were interpreters of thy wordes, and thy innocent meaning was written in thy dolefull countenance. Thy eyes were rather pleaders for pittie, then Heraulds of wrath, and thy whole person presented such a patterne of thy extreme anguish

that no man from thy presence could take in any other impression. And therefore what thy words wanted, thy action supplied, & what his care might mistake, his eye did vnderstand.

It may be also that he wrought in thy hart, that was concealed from thy sight, and happily his voyce and demeanour did import such compassion of thy case, that he seemed as willing to afford, as thou desirous to haue his help. And so presuming by his behaviour, that thy sute should not suffer repulse, the renour of thy request doth but argue thy hope of a graunt.

But what is the reason, that in all thy speeches, which since the misse of thy maister thou hast vttered (*VVhere they haue put him*) is alwayes a part? So thou saydst to the Apostles, the same to the Angells, and now thou dost repeat it to this supposed Gardiner: very sweet must this word be in thy hart, that is so often in thy mouth, and it would neuer be so ready in thy tongue, if it were not very fresh in thy memory.

But what meruaile, though it tast so sweet, that was first seasoned in thy Maisters mouth, which as it was the treasury of truth the fountaine of life, and the only quire of the most perfect harmony: so whatsoever it deliuered

delivered, thy care deuoured, and thy hart locked vp. And now that thou wantest himselfe, thou hast no other comfort but his words, which thou deemst so much the more effectuall to perswade, in that they tooke their force from so beauenly a speaker. His sweetnesse therfore it is, that maketh this word so sweete, and for loue of him thou repeatest it so often, because he in the like case sayd of thy brother, *VWhere haue you put him?* O how much dost thou affect his persō that findest so sweet a feeling in his phrase? How much desirest thou to see his countenaunce, that with so great desire pronouncest his words? And how willingly wouldest thou kisse his sacred feete, that so willingly vtterest his shortest speeches?

But what meanest thou to make so absolute a promise, and so bouldly to say, *I will take him away?* Ioseph was a fraid, and durst not take downe his body frō the crosse, but by night, yea and then also not without *Pilats* warrant: but thou neither staieest vntill night, nor regardedst *Pilat*, but stoutly promised, that thou thy selfe wilt take him away.

What if he be in the pallace of the high priest, and some such maide as made *S. Peter* deny his maister, doe begin to question with



thee, wilt thou then stand to these wordes, I will take him away? Is thy courage so high aboue kind, thy strength so farre beyond thy sexe, and thy loue so much without measure, that thou neither dost remember that all women are weake, nor that thou thy selfe art but a woman? Thou exemptest no place, thou preferrest no person, thou speakest without feare, thou promisest without cōdition, thou makest no exception: as though nothing were impossible that thy loue suggesteth.

But as the darkenesse could not fright thee from setting forth before day, nor the watch feare thee from cōming to the Tombe, as thou diddest resolue to breake open the scales, though with danger of thy life, and to remoue the stone from the graues mouth, though thy force could not lerue thee: so what maruell, though thy loue being now more incensed with the fresh wound of thy losse, it resolue vpon any, though neuer so hard aduentures?

Loue is not ruled with reason, but with loue. It neyther regardeth what can be, nor what shall be done, but onely what it selfe desireth to do. No difficulty can stay it, no impossibility appale it. Loue is ritle iust inough, and Armour strong inough for all assaules,  
and



and it selfe a reward of all laboures. It asketh no recompence, it respecteth no commodity. Loues fruits are loues effects, and the gaynes the paynes. It considereth behoofe, more then benefite, and what in duty it should, not what in deed it can.

But how can nature be so mastered with affection; that thou canst take such delight and carry such loue to a dead corse? The mother how tenderly soeuer she loued her child aliue, yet she cannot chuse but loath him dead. The most louing spouse cannot endure the presence of her deceased husband, and whose imbracements were delightfome in life, are euer most hatefull after death. Yea this is the nature of all, but principally of women, that the very conceit, much more the sight of the departed, striketh into them so fearefull and vgly impressions, and stirreth in them so great horror, that notwithstanding the most vehement loue, they thinke long vntill the house be rid of their very dearest friends, when they are once attyred in deaths vnlovely liueries. How then canst thou endure to take vp his corse in thy hands, and to carry it thou knowest not thy selfe how farre, being especially so torne and mangled, and consequently the more likely in so long tyme to be tainted?

taunted?

Thy sister was vnwilling that the graue of her owne brother should be opened, and yet he was shrowded in sheetes, embalmed with spices, and died an ordinary death, without any wound, bruse or other harme, that might hasten his corruption. But this corse hath neyther shrowd, nor spice, sith these are all to be scene in the Tombe, and there is not a part in his body, but had some help to further it to decay, and art thou not afrayd to see him, yea to touch him, yea to imbrace and carry him naked in thy armes?

If thou hadst remembered Gods promise, that *His holy One should not see corruption*: If thou hadst beleueed, that his Godhead remayning with his body, could haue preserued it from perishing, thy faith had beene more worthy of prayse, but thy loue lesse worthy of admiration, sith the more corruptible thou didest conceiue him, the more combers thou didest determine to ouercome, and the greater was thy loue in being able to conquer them. But thou would'st haue thought thy oyntments rather harmes then helps, if thou hadst bene settled in that beliefe, and for so heavenly a corse embalmed with God, all earthly spices would haue seemed a disgrace. If likewise  
thou

thou had'st firmly trusted vpon his resurrection, I should lesse maruayle at thy constant designment, sith all hazardes in taking him should haue beene with vsury repayd, if lying in thy lappe, thou mightest haue seene him reuiued, and his disfigured and dead body beautified in thy armes with a diuine maiesty. If thou hadst hoped so good fortune to thy watery eyes, that they might haue beene first cleared with the beames of his desired sight, or that his eyes might haue blessed thee with the first-fruites of their glorious looks: If thou hadst imagined any likelihood to haue made happy thy dying heart, with taking in the first gaspes of his liuing breath, or to haue heard the first wordes of his pleasing voice: Finally If thou hadst thought to haue seene his iniuries turned to honours, the markes of his misery to ornaments of his glory, and the depth of thy heauynesse to such a height of felicity, whatsoeuer thou hadst done to obtayne him, had beene but a mite for a million, and too slender a price for so soueraigne a peniworth.

But hauing no such hopes to vphold thee, and so many motiues to plunge thee in despair, how could thy loue be so mighty, as neyther to feele a womans feare of so deformed

med a corse, nor to thinke the waight of the burthen to heauy for thy feeble armes, nor to be amazed with a world of dangers, that this attempt did carry with it?

But affection cannot scare whom it affecteth, loue feeleth no load of him it loueth, neither can true friendship be frighted from rescuing so affied a friend.

What meanest thou then, O comfort of her life, to leaue so constant a wel-willer so long vncomforted, & to punnish her so much that so wel deserueth pardon? Dally no longer with so knowne a loue, which so many trials auouch most true. And sith she is nothing but what it pleaseth thee, let her taste the benefite of being only thine. She did not follow the tyde of thy better fortune, to shift sayle when the streame did alter course. Shee began not to loue thee in thy life to leaue thee after death: Neyther was shee such a guest at thy table, that meant to be a stranger in thy necessity. She left thee not in thy lowest ebbe, she revolted not from thy last extremity: In thy life she serued thee with her goods: In thy death she departed not from thy crosse: after death she came to dwel with thee at thy graue. Why the dost thou not say with Noemi: *Blessed be shee of our Lord, because what courtesie she afforded*

afforded to the quicke, she hath also continued towards the dead. A thing so much the more to be esteemed, in that it is most rare.

Do not sweet Lord any longer delay her. Behold she hath attended thee these three dayes, and she hath not what to eat, nor wherewith to foster her famished soule, vnlesse thou by discovering thy selfe, dost minister vnto her the bread of thy body, and feed her with the food that hath in it all taste of sweetnesse. If therefore thou wilt not haue her to faynt in the way, refresh her with that which her hunger requireth. For surely she cannot long enioye the life of her body, vnles she may haue notice of thee, that art the life of her soule.

But feare not *B Mary*, for thy teares will obtaine. They are too mighty oratours, to let any suite fall, and though they pleaded at the most rigorous barre, yet haue they so perswading a silence, & so conquering a complaint, that by yeelding they ouercome, and by intreating they commaund. They tie the tongues of all accusers, and soften the rigour of the severest Iudge. Yea they win the invincible, & bind the omnipotent. When they seeme most pittifull, they haue greatest power, and being most forsaken they are more victorious. Repentant

penitent eyes are the cellers of Angells, and penitent teares their sweetest wines, which the saour of life perfumeth, the tast of grace Tweetneth, and the purest colours of returning innocency highly beautifieth. This dew of deuotion neuer fayleth, but the Sunne of iustice draweth it vp, and vpon what face soeuer it droppeth, it maketh it amiåble in Gods eye. For this water hath thy hart beene long a limbecke, sometymes distilling it out of the weeds of thy owne offences with the fire of true contrition. Sometymes out of the flowers of spirituall comforts, with the flames of contemplation: and now out of the bitter hearbes of thy maisters miseries, with the heate of a tender compassion. This water hath better graced thy looks, then thy former alluring glances. It hath setled worthier beauties in thy face, then all thy artificiall paintings. Yea this only water hath quenched Gods anger, qualified his iustice, recovered her mercy, merited his loue, purchased his pardon, and brought forth the spring of all thy fauour. Thy teares were the proctours for thy brothers life, the inuiters of those Angells for thy comfort, and the suters that shall be rewarded with the first sight of thy reuiued Sauour. Rewarded they shall be, but not re-  
frained

frained, altered in their caule, but their course continued. Heauen would weep at the losse of so pretious a water, and earth lament the absence of so fruitfull showres. No no, the Angells must still bath themselues in the pure streames of thy eyes, and thy face shall still be set with this liquid pearle, that as out of thy teares, were striken the first sparkes of thy Lords lone, so thy teares may be the oyle, to nourish and feed his flame. Till death dam vp the springes, they shall neuer cease running: and then shall thy soule be ferried in them to the harbour of life, that as by them it was first passed from sinne to grace, so in them it may be waisted from grace to glory. In the meane tyme, reare vp thy fallen hopes, and gather confidence both of thy speedy comfort, and thy Lords well being

*Iesus sayth vnto her, Maria. She turning, sayd vnto him: Rabboni.*

O louing Maister, thou didst only deferre her consolation, to increase it, that the delight of thy presence, might be so much the more wellicome, in that through thy long absence it was with so little hope, so much desired. Thou wert content she should lay out for thee so many sighes, teares, and plaints, and diddest purposely adiourne the date of her

K

payment



paymēt, to requite the length of these delays with a larger loane of ioy. It may be she knew not her former happynes, till she was weaned from it: nor had a right estimate in valuing the treasures, with which thy presence did enrich her, vntill her extreme pouerty taught her their vnestimable rate. But now thou shewest by a sweet experiēce, that though she payed thee with the dearest water of her eyes, with her best breath, & rederest loue, yet small was the price that she bestowed in respect of the worth that she receaued. She sought thee dead, and imprisoned in a stony goale: and now she findeth thee both aliue, and at full liberty. She sought thee shrined in a shroud, more like a leaper then thy self, left as the modell of the vttermoſt misery, and the only patterne of the bitterest vnhappyneſſe: and now she findeth thee inuested in the robes of glory, the president of the highest, and the owner and giuer of all felicity.

And as all this while she hath sought without finding, wept without comfort, & called without answer: so now thou satisfiest her seeking with thy cōmming, her tears with thy triumph, and all her cryes with this one word *Mary*. For when she heard thee call her in thy wonted manner, and with thy  
vsuall



vsuall voyce, her only name issuing from thy mouth, wrought so strange an alteration in her, as if she had beene wholly new made when she was only named. For whereas before the violence of her griefe had so benumbed her, that her body seemed but the hearse of her dead hart, and her hart the coffin of an vnliving soule, and her whole presence but a representation of a double funerall of thyne and of her owne: now with this one word her senses are restored, her mind lightened, her hart quickened, and her soule reuiued.

But what maruell, though with one word he raise the dead spirits of his poore disciple, that with a word made the world, and euen in this very word sheweth an omnipotent power?

*Mary* she was called as well in bad, as in her reformed estate, and both her good and euill was all of *Maryes* working. And as *Mary* signifyeth no lesse what she was, then what she is: so is this one word by his vertue that speaketh it, a repetition of all her miseries, an Epitome of his mercies, and a memoriall of all her better fortunes. And therefore it laid so generall a discovery of her selfe before her eyes, that it awaked her most forgotten sorrowes, and muste-

red together the whole multitude of her ioyes, and would haue left the issue of their mutiny very doubtfull, but that the presence and notice of her highest happynes decided the quarrell, and gaue her ioyes the victory. For as he was her only Sunne, whose going downe left nothing but a dumpish night of fearefull fantasies, wherein no starre of hope shined, & the brightest plannets were changed into dismall signes: so the serenity of his countenance, and authority of his word, brought a calme and well tempered day, that chasing away all darknesse, and dispersing the clouds of melancholy, cured the letargy, & brake the dead sleep of her astonyed senses.

She therefore ravished with his voice, and impatient of delayes, taketh his talke out of his mouth, and to his first and yet only word, answered but one other, calling him *Rabboni*, that is Maister. And then sudden ioy rowling all other passions, she could no more proceed in her owne, then giue him leaue to goe forward with his speech.

Love would haue spoken, but feare enforced silence. Hope frameth the wordes, but doubt melteth them in the passage: and when her inward conceits serued to come out, her voice trebled, her tongue faultred, her breath fayled

sayled. In fine teares issued in lieu of wordes, and deep sighes instead of long sentences supplied each others default, and the hart pressed out the vsyllabled breath at once, which the conflict of her disagreing passions, would not suffer to be sorted into the severall sounds of intelligible speeches.

For such is their estate that are sicke, with a surfet of suddaine ioy, for the attayning of a thing vehemently desired. For as desire is euer vshered by hope, and wayted on by feare, so is it credulous in entertayning coniectures, but heard in grounding a firme beliefe. And though it be apt to admit the least shaddow of wished comfort, yet the hoater the desire is to haue it, the more perfect assurance it requireth for it: which so long as it wanteth the first newes, or apparance of that which is in request, is rather an alarum to summon vp all passions, then a retrait to quiet the desire. For as hope presumeth the best, and inuirteth ioy to gratulate at the good successe: so feare suspecteth it too good to be true, and calleth vp sorrow to bewayle the vncertainty. And while these interchange obiections and answers, sometymes feare falleth into despaire, and hope riseth into repining anger, and thus the shirmish still continueth, till cuidence of

proofe conclude the Controuerſye.

B. *Mary* therefore, though ſhe ſuddenly answered vpon notice of his voyce, yet becauſe the nouelty was ſo ſtrang, his perſon ſo changed, his preſence ſo vnexpected, and ſo many miracles layd at once before her amazed eyes, ſhe found a ſedition in her thoughts, till more earneſt viewing him exempted them from al doubt.

And then though words would haue broken out, and her hart ſent into his, duties that ſhe ought him, yet euery thought ſtriving to be firſt vttered, and to haue the firſt roome in his gracious hearing, ſhe was forced as an indifferent arbiter amongſt them, to ſeale them vp all vnder ſilence by ſuppreſſing ſpeech, and to ſupply the want of wordes, with more ſignificant actions. And therefore running to the haunt of her chiefeſt delights, and falling at his ſacred feet, ſhe offered to bath them with teares of ioy, and to ſanctify her lips with kiſſing his once grieuous, but now moſt glorious wounds.

She ſtayed not for any more words, being now made bleſſed with the word himſelfe, thinking it a greater benefite, at once to ſeed all her wiſhes, in the homage, honour and imbracing of his feet, then in the often hearing

ring of his lesse comfortable talke.

For as the nature of loue couereth not on-ly to be vnited, but if it were possible wholly transformed out of it selfe into the thing it loueth: so doth it most affect that which most vnitch, and preferreth the least coniunction before any distant contentment. And therefore to see him, did not suffice her; to heare him, did not quiet her; to speake with him, was not inough for her; & except she might touch him, nothing could please her. But though she humbly fell downe at his feet to kisse them, yet Carist did forbid her, saying: *Do not touch me, for I am not yet ascended to my Father.*

O Iesu, what mystery is in this? Being dead in sinne, she touched thy mortall feet that were to dye for her sake, and being now aliue in grace, may she not touch thy glorious feet, that are no lesse for her benefit reuiued? She was once admitted to annoint thy head, and is she now vnworthy of accesse to thy feet? Doest thou now command her from that for which thou wert wont to commend her, and by praying the deed diddest moue her often to do it? Sith other women shal touch thee, why hath she a repulse; yea sith she her selfe shall touch thee heerafter, why is she now reiected? What meanest thou, O

Lord, by thus debarring her of so desired a ducty, and sith amongst all thy Disciples thou hast vouchsafed her with such a prerogative, as to honour her eyes with the first sight, and her eares with thy first wordes, why denyest thou the priuiledge of first imbracing? If the multitude of her teares haue woone that fauour to her eyes, & her longing to heare thee so great a recompence to her eares, why doest thou not admit her hands to touch, and her mouth to kisse thy holy feet, sith the one with many plaintes, and the other with their readynesse to all seruices, seem to haue earned no lesse reward?

But notwithstanding all this, thou preuentest the effect of her offer, with forbidding her to touch thee, as if thou hadst sayd:

O *Mary*, know the difference betweene a glorious and a mortall body, betweene the condition of a momentary and of an eternall life. For sith the mortality of the body, and the glory both of body and soule are the endowments of an heauenly inhabitant, & the rightes of another world, thinke not this fauour to seeme heere ordinary, nor leaue to touch me a common thing.

It were not so great a wonder to see the starres fall from their Spheres, & the Sunne forsake

forſake Heauen, and to come within the reach of a mortal arme, as for me that am not only a Cittizē, but the Soueraigne of Saints, and the ſunne whoſe beames are the Angelles bliſſe, to ſhew my ſelfe viſible to the pilgrims of this world, and to diſplay eternall beauties to corruptible eyes. Though I be not yet aſcended to my Father, I ſhall ſhortly aſcend, & therfore meaſure not thy demeanour towards me, by the place where I am, but by that which is due vnto me, and then thou wilt rather with reuerence fall downe a farre off, then with ſuch familiarity preſume to touch me. Doeſt thou not belecue my former promiſes? Haſt thou not a conſtant prooffe by my preſent wordes? Are not thy eyes and eares ſufficient teſtimonies, but that thou muſt alſo haue thy hands and face witneſſe of my preſence? Touch me not, O *Mary*, for if I doe deceiue thy ſight, or delude thy hearing, I can as eaſily beguile thy hand and fruſtrate thy feeling. Or if I be true in any one, belecue me in all, and imbrace me firſt in a firme ſayth and then thou ſhalt touch me with more worthy hands. It is now neceſſary to weane thee from the comfort of my externall preſence, that thou maiſt learne to lodge me in the ſecrets of thy hart, and teach thy thoughts to



supply the offices of outward senses. For in this visible shape I am not here long to be seen, being shortly to ascend vnto my Father: but what thy eye then seeth not, thy hart shall feele, and my silent parley will find audience in thy inward care. Yet if thou fearest least my ascending should be so sodaine, that if thou doest not now take thy leaue of my feete, with thy humble kisses and louing teares, thou shalt neuer find the like opportunity againe, licence from thee that needlesse suspicion. I am not yet ascended vnto my Father, and for all such duties, there will be a more conuenient tyme. But now goe about that which requireth more hast, and runne to my brethren and informe them what I say, that I will go before them into Galilee, there they shall see me.

B. *Mary* therefore preferring her Lords will before her owne wish, yet sorry that her will was worthy of no better euent, departeth from him like a hungry infant pulled from a full teat, or a thirsty Hart chased from a sweet fountaine. She iudged her selfe but an vn lucky messenger of most ioyfull tidings being banished from her maisters presence, to carry newes of his resurrection. Alas (sayth she) and cannot others be happy without my unhappi-



vnhappinesse, or cannot their gaines come in but through my losses? Must the dawning of their day, be the euening of mine, and my soule robbed of such a treasure to enrich their eares? O my hart returne thou to enioy him, why goest thou with me, that am inforced to go from him. In me thou art but in prison, and in him is thy only paradise. I haue buried thee long inough in former sorrowes, & yet now when thou wert halfe reuiued, I am constrained to carry thee frō the spring of life. Alas go seek to better thy selfe in some more happy brest, sith I euill deseruing creature am nothing different from that I was, but in hauing taken a tast of the highest delight, that the knowledge and want of it might drowne me in the deepest misery.

Thus dutie leading, and loue with-holding her, she goeth as fast backward in thought, as forward in pace, ready estsoones to saynt for greife, but that a firme hope to see him againe, did support her weaknesse. She often turned towards the Tombe to breath, deeming the very aire that came from the place where he stood, to haue taken vertue of his presence, and to haue in it a refreshing force aboue the course of nature. Sometymes she forgetteth her selfe, and loue carri-

eth her in a golden distraction, making her to imagine that her Lord is present, and then she seemeth to demaund him questions, and to heare his answeres: she dreameth that his feete are in her folded armes, and that he giueth her soule a full repast of his comforts. But alas when she commeth to her selfe, and findeth it but an illusion, she is so much the more sorry, in that the only imagination, being so delightfull, she was not worthy to enjoy the thing it selfe. And when she passeth by those places where her maister had beene: O stones (sayth she) how much more happy are you then I most wretched Caitiffe, sith to you was not denied the touch of those blessed feete, whereof my euill deserts haue now made me vnworthy? Alas what crime haue I of late committed, that hath thus cancelled me out of his good conceit, and estranged me from his accustomed curtesie? had I but a lease of his loue, for terme of his life, or did my interest in his feete expire with his deceale? In them with my teares I wrote my first supplication for mercy, which I pointed with sighs foulded vp in my haire, and humbly sealed with the impression of my lippes. They were the dores of my first entrance into his fauour, by which I was graciously entertained in his  
hart

hart, and admitted to doe homage vnto his head, while it was yet a mortall mirrour of immortall maiesty, an earthly seat of a heavenly wisdome, contayning in man a Gods felicity.

But alas I must be contented to beare a lower saile, and to take downe my desires to farre meaner hopes, sith former fauours are now too high markes for me to ayme at.

O my eyes, why are you so ambitious of heavenly honours? He is now to bright a sun for so weake a sight: your lookes are limited to meaner light, you are the eyes of a bat, and not of an Eagle: you must humble your selues to the twilight of inferrior thinges, and measure you sights by your slender substance. Gaze not too much vpon the blaze of eternity, least you loose your selues in too much self delight, and being too curious in sifting his maiesty, you be in the end oppressed with his glory. No, no, sith I am reiectd from his feete, how can I otherwise presume, but that my want of faith hath dislodged me out of his hart, and throwne me out of all possession of his mind and memory. Yet why should I stoupe to so base a feare? when want of sayth was agreed with want of all goodnesse, he disdained not to accept me for one of his number: and  
shall

shall I now thinke that he will for my faynt beleefe so rigorously abandon me? And is the sincerity of my loue, wherein he hath no patterne, of so slender account, that it may not hope for some little sparke of his wonted mercy? I wil not wrong him with so vniult a suspition, sith his appearing improueth it, his words ouerthrow it, his countenance doth dissuade it; why then should I suck so much sorrow out of so vaine a surmise.

Thus *B. Maryes* traueling phansies, making long voyages in this short iourney, and wauering betweene the ioy of her vision, and the grieve of her denyall, entertayned her in the way, and held her parley with such discourses, as are incident vnto minds, in which neyther hope is full maister of the field, nor feare hath receiued an vtter overthrow.

But as she was in this perplexed manner, now falling, now rising in her owne vncertaynties, she findeth on the way, the other holy women that first came with her to the graue whom the Angells had now assured of Christs resurrection. And as they passed all forwards towards the Disciples: Behould Iesus met them saying, All hyle. But they came neere, and tooke hold of his feete, and adored him. Then Iesus sayd vnto them, Feare not. Goe tell my brethren that they goe  
into

*into Galilee, there they shall see me.*

O Lord how profound are thy iudgments, and vnsearchable thy counsels? doth her sorrow sit so neere thy heart, or thy repulse rebound with such regret by seeing her wounded loue bleed so fast at her eyes, that thy late refusall must so soone be requited with so free a grant? Is it thy pittie, or her change, which cannot allow that she should any longer fast from her earnest longing?

But O most mild Phisitian, well knowest thou that thy sharp corosiuē, with bitter smart angred her tender wound, which being rather caused by vnwitting ignorance then willfull error, was as soone cured as knowne. And therefore thou quickly applicst a sweet lenitiue, to assuage her paine, that she might acknowledge her forbidding rather a fatherly check to her vnsetled sayth, then an austere reiecting her for her fault. And therefore thou admittest her to kisse thy feete, the two conduicts of grace, and scales of our redemption, renewing her a Charter of thy vnchanged loue, and accepting of her the vowed sacrifice her sanctified soule.

And thus gracious Lord hast thou finished her feares, assured her hopes, fulfilled her desires, satisfied her loues, stinted her teares, perfected

fected her ioyes, and made the period of her expiring griefes, the preamble to her now entering, and neuer ending pleasures.

O how mercifull a Father thou art, to left Orphanes, how easy a iudge to repentant sinners, and how saythfull a friend to sincere louers! It is vndoubtedly true, that thou neuer leauest those that loue thee, and thou lovest such as rest their affiance in thee. They shall find thee liberall aboue desert, and bountifull beyond hope: a measurer of thy giftes, not by their merits, but thy owne mercy.

O Christian soule take *B. Mary* for thy mirrour, follow her affection that like effects may follow thyne. Learne O sinfull man of this once a sinfull woman, that sinners may find Christ, if their sins be amended. Learne that whome sinne looseth, loue recouereth, whom faintnesse of faith chaseth away, firmnesse of hope recalleth, and that which no other mortall force, fauor or policy can compassse, the continued teares of a constant loue, are able to obtaine. Learne of *B. Mary* for Christ to fear no encounter, out of Christ to desire no comforts, & with the loue of Christ to over-rule the loue of all thinges. Rise early in the morning of thy good motions, and let them not sleep in sloth, when diligence may per-

performe them. Runne with repentance to thy sinneful hart which should haue been the temple, but through thy fault, was no better then a Tombe for Christ, sith hauing in thee no life to feele him, he seemed vnto thee as if he had beene dead. Roule away the stone of thy former hardnesse, remoue all the heauy loads that oppresse thee in sinne, and looke into thy soule, whether thou canst there find thy Lord. If he be not there within thee, stand weeping without, & see him in other creatures, sith being present in al, he may be found in any. Let sayth be thy eye, hope thy guide, and loue thy light. Seeke him, and not his: for himselfe, and not for his gifts. If thy faith haue found him in a cloud, let thy hope seeke to see him. If hope haue lead thee to see him, let loue seeke further into him. To moue in thee a desire to find, his goods are precious: and when he is found, to keep thee in a desire to seeke, his treasures are infinite. Absent he must be sought to be had; being had, he must be sought to be more enioyed. Seek him truly, and no other for him. Seek him purely, and no other thing with him. Seek him only and nothing besides him. And if at the first search he appeare not, thinke it not much to perseuere in teares, & to continue thy see-



king . Stand vpon the earth, treading vnder  
thee all earthly vanities , and touching them  
with no more then the soles of thy feet, that  
is with the lowest & least part of thy affec-  
tion . To looke the better in the tombe, bow  
downe thy necke to the yoke of humility, and  
stoup from lofty and proud conceits, that  
with humbled and lowly looks thou mayst  
find, whome swelling and haughty thoughts  
haue driven away . A submitted soule soonest  
winneeth his returne, and the deeper it sin-  
keth in a selfe contempt, the higher it climeth  
in his highest fauours . And if thou perceapest  
in the Tombe of thy hart, the presence of his  
two first messengers, that is at the feet sorrow  
of the bad that is past, and at the head, desire  
of a better that is to come, interatin the with  
sighs, & wellcome them with penitent tears:  
yet reckoning them but as harbingers of thy  
Lord, cease not thy seeking till thou findest  
himselfe . And if he vouchsafe thee his  
glorious sight, offering himselfe to thy in-  
ward eyes, presume not of thy selfe to be able  
to know him, but as his vnworthy suppliant  
prostrate thy petitions vnto him that thou  
mayst truly discern him, and faithfully serue  
him . Thus preparing thee with diligence,  
comming with speed, standing with high  
lifted



lifted hopes, and stouping with inclined hart, if with B. *Mary* thou crauest no other solace of Iesus, but Iesus himselfe, he will answer thy teares with his presence, and assure thee of his presence with his owne wordes, that hauing seene him thy selfe, thou mayst make him knowne to others: saying with B. *Mary*, I haue seene our Lord, and these thinges he sayd vnto me.

FINIS.



L 2



## S. MARY MAG. DALENS BLVSH.

---

**T**HE signes of shame that staine my blushing face,  
Rise from the feeling of my raving fits  
VVhose ioy annoyes, whose guerdon is disgrace:  
VVhose solace flies, whose sorrow neuer flits.

Bad seed I sow'd, worse fruite is now my gaine,  
Soone dying mirth, begot long living paine.

Now pleasure ebbes reuenge begins to flow,  
One day doth wreake the wrath that many wrought:  
Remorse doth teach my guilty thoughtes to know,  
How cheape I found that Christ so deerely bought.  
Fault long vnfelt doth conscience now bewray,  
VVhich care must cure, and teares must wash away.

All Ghosly dynts that Grace at me did dart,  
Like stubborne rocke I sorted to recoyle;  
To other flights an ayme I made my hart, (foyle.  
VVhose wounds then welcome, now haue wrought my  
VVoe worth the bow, woe worth the Archers might,  
That draue such arrowes to the marke so right.

To pull them out , to leaue them in is death :  
 One to this world ; one to the world to come :  
 Wounds may I weare , and draw a doubtfull breath :  
 But then my wounds will worke a dreadfull doome .  
 And for a world whose pleasures paffe away ,  
 I lofe a world whose ioyes are paff decay ,

O fense , ô foule , ô hand , ô hopesfull bliffe ,  
 You wooe . you weane , you draw , you drive me backe .  
 Your crosse encountring like their combat is ,  
 That neuer end , but with some deadly wrack .  
 VVhen fense doth winne , the foule doth loofe the field ,  
 And present baps make future hopes to yield .

O heauen lament , fense robbeth thee of Saints ,  
 Lament ô foules fense spoileth you of Grace .  
 Yet fense doth scarce deferue these hard complaints ,  
 Loue is the thiefe , fense but the entring place ,  
 Yet graunt I must fense is not free from sinne ,  
 For thiefe he is , that thiefe admitteth in .

### No Ioy to liue .

I VVage no warre , yet peace I none enioy ,  
 I hope , I feare , I fry in freezing cold ,  
 I mount in mirth , still prostrate in annoy ,  
 I all the world imbrace , yet nothing hold .  
 All wealth is want where chiefest wishes faile ,  
 Tea life is loath' d , where loue may not preuaile .

For that I loue, I long, but that I lacke:  
 That others loue I loath, and that I haue:  
 All worldly fraights to me are deadly wracke:  
 Men present hap, I future hopes do craue.

They louing where they liue, long life require,  
 To liue where best I loue, death I desire.

Heere loue is lent for loane, o filthy gayne!  
 Most friends befriend themselues with friendships shew.  
 Heere, plenty perill, want doth breed disdain,  
 Cares common are, ioyes faulty short and few.  
 Heere honour enui'd is, heere meanes despris'd.  
 Sinne deemed solace, vertue little pris'd.

Heere beauty is a baite that swallowed choakes,  
 A treasure sought still to the owners harmes:  
 A light that eye to murdering sighs prouokes,  
 A grace that soules enchants with mortall charmes:  
 A luring arme to Cupids fiery flights,  
 A balefull blisse that damnes where it delights

O who would liue so many deaths to try:  
 VVhere will doth wish that wisdome doth reprove;  
 VVhere nature craves that grace must needs deny;  
 VVhere sense doth like that reason cannot loue:  
 VVhere best in shew, in finall prooffe is worst,  
 VVhere pleasures vps hot is to die accurst.

S. Mary

# S. Mary Magdalens Traunce.

**M**isdeeming eye that stopest to the lure,  
 Of mortall worths, not worth so worthy loue.  
 All beaues base, all graces are impure,  
 That do the erring thought from God remoue.

Sparkes to the fire, the beames yield to the sunne,  
 All grace to God from whome all graces runne.

If picture moue, more should the patterne please,  
 No shadow can with shadow things compare,  
 And sayrest shapes whereon our loues do seaze,  
 But filly signes of Gods high beauties are,  
 Go staruing sense feed thou on earthly mast,  
 True loue in Heauen seeke thou thy sweets repast,

Gleane not in barren soyle these off all cares,  
 Sith reape thou maist whole harvests of delight.  
 Base ioyes with griefes bad hopes doe end in feares,  
 Lewd loue with losse, ill peace with deadly fight.  
 Gods loue alone doth end with endlesse ease,  
 VVhose ioyes in hope whose hope concludes in peace.

Let not the luring traines of fancies trap,  
 Or gracious features proofes of natures skill,  
 Lull reasons force asleep in errors lap,  
 Or draw thy wit to bent of wanton will:  
 The sayrest flowers, haue not the sweetest smell,  
 A seeming heauen proues of a damning hell.

162 S. Mary Magdalens traunce.

Selfe pleasing soules that play with beauties baytes,  
In shyning shrowd may swallow satall hooke,  
VVhere eager sight, or semblant faire doth waite,  
A looke it proues that first was but a looke;  
The fish with ease into the Net doth glide,  
But to get out, the way is not so wide.

So Long the flie doth dally with the flame,  
Vntill her singed winges do force her fall,  
So long the eye doth follow fancies game,  
Till loue bath lest the hart in beauty thrall;  
Soone may the mind be cast in Cupids layle,  
But hard it is imprisoned thoughts to bayle.

O loath that loue whose finall ayme is lust,  
Moth of the mind, Eclipse of reasons light,  
The graue of grace, the mole of natures rust,  
The wrack of wit, the wrong of euery right:  
In summe, an euill whose harmes no tongue can tell,  
In which to liue is death, to dye is bell.

S. Mary Magdalens farewell.

**L** Et fickle fortune runne her blindest rase,  
I setled haue my vnremoued mind:  
I scorne to be the game of fancies chase,  
Or vanne to shew the change of euery wind,  
Light giddy humors stinted to no rest,  
Still change their choice, yet neuer choose the best.

My

My choice was guided by foresightfull heed,  
 I was auerred with approuing will,  
 It shall be followed with performing deed:  
 And seal'd with vow, till death the chooser kill,  
 Yet death, though finall date of vaine desires,  
 Ends not my choyce which with no time expires.

To beauties fading blisse I am no thrall;  
 I bury not my thoughts in mettall Mines,  
 I ayme not at such fame as seareth fall,  
 I seeke and find a light that euer shines:  
 Whose glorious beames display such heavenly sights,  
 As yield my soule a summe of all delights

My light to loue, my loue to life doth guide,  
 To life that liues by loue, and lonet light:  
 By loue to one, to whom all loues are tide:  
 By duest debt, and neuer equall right.  
 Eyes light, harts loue, soules truest life he is,  
 Consorting in three ioyes, one perfect blisse.

### At home in Heauen .

**F**Aire soule how long shall veiles thy graces shrowd?  
 How long shall this exile withhold thy right,  
 When will thy sunne disperse this mortall clowd,  
 And giue thy glorie scope to blaze their light,  
 Oh that a starre more fit for Angels eyes,  
 Should pyne in earth, not shine about the skies!

This ghostly beauty offered force to God,  
 It chayn'd him in the linkes of tender loue,  
 It won his will with man to make abode:  
 It stayd his sword, and did his wrath remoue;  
 It made the rigor of his iustice yield,  
 And crowned mercy Emperesse of the field.

This lull'd our heauenly Sampson fast a sleep,  
 And layd him in our feeble Natures lap;  
 This made him vnder mortall loades to creep,  
 And in our flesh his God head to enwrap;  
 This made him sojourne with vs in exile,  
 And not disdain our tytes in his stile.

This brought him from the rankes of heauenly quires,  
 Into this vale of teares, and cursed soyle;  
 From flowers of grace into a world of bryers,  
 From life to death, from blisse to balefull toyle.  
 This made him wander in our pilgrims weed,  
 And taste our tormens, to releue our need.

O soule, do not thy noble thoughts abase,  
 To lose thy loue in any mortall wight:  
 Content thine eye at home with natiue grace,  
 Sith God himselfe is raiisht with thy sight.  
 If on thy beauty God enamoured be,  
 Base is my loue of any lesse then he.



Giue not assent to muddy minded skill,  
 That deemes the feature of a pleasing face,  
 To be sweetest bait to lure the will,  
 Not valuing right the worth of ghostly grace.  
 Let Gods and Angels censure winne beliese,  
 That of all beauties iudge our soules the chiefe.

Queens Hester was of rare and peerelesse hiew,  
 And Iudith once for beauty bare the vaunt:  
 But he that could our soules endowments view,  
 Would soone to soules the Crowne of beauty graunt.  
 O soule out of thy selfe seeke God alone:  
 Grace more the shine, but Gods, the world hath none

### Christs Natiuity .

**B**ehold, the Father is his daughters sonne:  
 The bird that built the nest is hatch't therein:  
 The Old of Yeares, an houre hath not out-runne:  
 Eternall life, to liue doth now beginne.  
 The word is dum, the mirth of heauen doth weep.  
 Might feeble is, and force doth faintly creep.

O dying soules behold your liuing spring;  
 O dazeled eyes, behold your Sonne of grace;  
 Dulleares attend what word this word doth bring:  
 Vp heavy harts, with ioy your ioy imbrace.  
 From death, from darke, from dasesnes, from despairs,  
 This life, this light, this word, this ioy repaires.

Gist

Gift better then himselfe God none doth know :  
 Gift better then his God , no man can see ;  
 This gift doth heere the giuer giuen bestow ,  
 Gift to this gift let each receauer be .

God is my gift himselfe he freely gaue me ,  
 Gods gift am I , and none but God shall haue me .

Man altered was by sinne from man to beast ,  
 Beasts food is hay , hay is all mortall flesh ,  
 Now God is flesh and lyes in naunger prest ,  
 As hay , the brutish sinner to refresh :

O happy field wherein thy sodder grew ,  
 VVhose taste doth vs from beast to men renew .

### Christs Childhood.

**T**ill twelue yeares age , how Christ his childhood  
 All earthly pens vnworthy were to write , ( spent ,  
 Such acts to mortall eyes he did present ,  
 VVhose worth , not men , but Angels must recite .

No nature blots no childish faults defild ,  
 VVhere grace was guide , and God did play the child .

In springing locks lay couched hoary wit ,  
 In semblance young a graue and auncient port ,  
 In lowly lookes , high maiesty did sit :  
 In tender tongue sound sense of sagest sort ,

Nature imparted all that she could teach ,  
 And God supply'd , where nature could not reach .

His mirth, of modest meane a mirrour was;  
 His sadnesse, tempered with a mild aspect:  
 His eye to try each action was a glasse,  
 Whose lookes did good approoue, and bad correct:  
 His natures gifts, his grace, his word, and deed,  
 Well shewd that all did from a God proceed.

## The Christians Manna.

**I**N Paschal feast the end of ancient rite,  
 An entrance was to neuer fading grace:  
 Types to the truth, dimme glimpses to the light:  
 Performing deed, presaging signes did chase:  
 Christ's finall meale, was fountayne of our good,  
 For mortall meate, he gaue immortall food.

That which he gaue he was, o peereles gift!  
 Both God and man he was, and both he gaue.  
 He in his hands himselfe did truely list:  
 Farre off they see, whom in themselves they haue.  
 Twelue did he seede, twelue did the feeder eate:  
 He made, he drest, he gaue, he was their meate.

They saw, they heard, they felt him sitting neare:  
 Vnseene, vnfelt, vnheard, they him receau'd  
 No diners things, though diners it appeare,  
 Though senses fayle, yet faith is not deceau'd.  
 And if the wonder of the worke be new:  
 Beleue the worke, because the word is true.

Heere

Heere true beliese of force inuitedh lous:  
 So sweet a truth lone neuer yet enioyde.  
 VVhat thought can thinke, what will doth best approue,  
 Is here attaynd, where no desire is voyde.

The grace, the ioy, the treasure here is such:  
 No wit can wish, nor will imbrace so much.

Selfe lone here cannot craue, more then it findes:  
 Ambition to no higher worth aspire.

The eagrest famine of most hungry mindes  
 May fill, yea farre exceed their owne desire.

In summe, heres all, and that in summe exprest:  
 Of much the most, of euery good the best.

Heere to delight the wit, true wisdom is:

To woo the will, of euery good the choyce.

For memory, a mirrour shewing blisse:

Heres all that can both sense and soule reioyce.

And if to all, all this it doth not bring,

The fault is in the men, not in the thing.

Though blind men see no light, the sunne doth shine:

Sweet eates are sweete though sowerd tast deny it.

Pearles pretious are though trodden on by swyne.

Each truth is true though all men do not try it.

The best, still to the bad doth worke the worst:

Things bred to blisse, doth make them more accurst:

The

The Angels eyes, whome veiles cannot deceaue,  
Might best disclose, what best they do discern.  
Men must with sound, and silent faith receaue,  
More then they can by sense of reason learne.

Gods power our prooffe, his workes our wit exceed:  
The doers might is reason for his deed.

A body is indued with ghostly rights:  
And natures worke from natures law is free.  
In heavenly sunne lyes hidden eternall lights:  
Lights cleare and neere, yet them no eye can see.

Dead formes a neuer dying life do shrowde:  
A boundles sea lies in a little clowde.

The God of hostes in slender hoste doth dwell:  
Yea God, and man withall to eather due.  
That God that rules the beauens, and rifled bel:  
That man whose death did vs to life renew.

That God and man it is that Angels blisse:  
In forme of bread and wine our nourture is.

VVhole may his body be, in smallest bread:  
VVhole in the whole, yea whole in euery crumme.  
VVith which be one, or be ten thousand fedde:  
All to each one, to all but one doth come.

And though each one, as much as all receane:  
Nor one too much, nor all too little haue.

One soule in man is all in euery part,  
 One face at once in many glasses shines.  
 One featesfull noyse doth make a thousand start:  
 One eye at once, of countlesse thinges defines.  
 If prooffe of one in many, nature frame,  
 VVhy may not God much more performe the same?

God present is at once in euery place:  
 Yet God in euery place is alwayes one.  
 So may there be by gifts of ghostly grace:  
 One man in many roomes, yet filling none.  
 Such Angells may effects of bodyes show:  
 God Angells gifts on bodyes may bestow.

VVhat God as authour made, he alter may,  
 No change so hard, as making all of nought.  
 If Adam framed were of slimy clay:  
 Bread may to Christs most sacred flesh be wrought.  
 He still doth this, that made with mighty hand,  
 Of water wine, a snake of Moyses wand.

FINIS.

